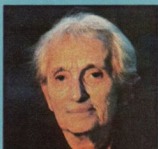


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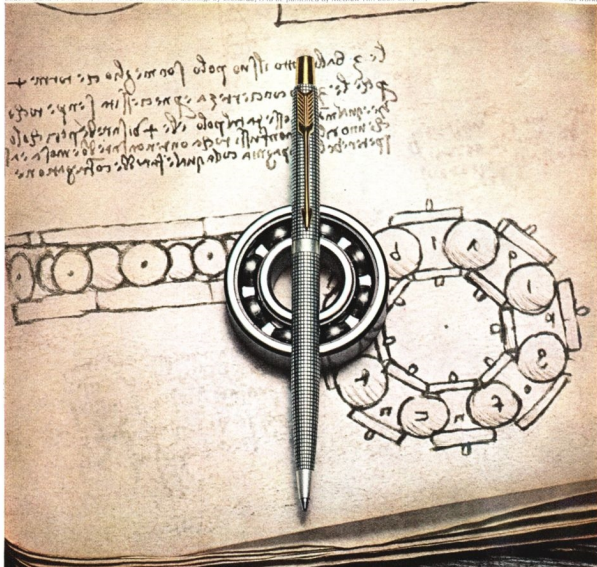
APRIL 10, 1972

TIME

What It Means To Be Jewish



Codex Madrid I, a recently discovered collection of drawings by Leonardo, is to be published by McGraw-Hill Book Company. The drawings below are adapted from that work.



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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce

WORKING on a TIME cover story usually means immersion in the subject. The staffers who produced this week's article on Judaism—Religion Writer Mayo Mohs, Correspondent Richard Ostling and Reporter-Researcher Clare Mead Rosen—plunged in deeper than most. During months of preparation, they compiled six shelves of books and a foot-high stack of original research from their own reporting and that of correspondents abroad.

The experience was particularly intense for Clare Rosen, who was completing six months training for her conversion from Catholicism to Judaism. Those studies dovetailed with her journalistic chores, which included a visit to a mysterious cult of Jews outside Mexico City, lunch with six Orthodox rabbis on Manhattan's Lower

East Side and interviews with Conservative Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum. After bestowing the traditional three blessings that complete the conversion ceremony, the rabbi quipped: "You even look Jewish." At a family gathering, her mother-in-law teased that Clare had learned more about Judaism and its history than anyone else present.

Ostling, a Protestant with seven years' experience covering religion, reported on both religious and political aspects of Judaism. He sought out members of the militant Jewish Defense League in Cliffside Park, N.J., Hasidic Jews in Brooklyn and leading Jewish spokesmen and scholars. "I don't think you

MOHS, ROSEN, OSTLING & LIBRARY

can be an intelligent Christian without having a good grasp of Judaism," he says. "Working on this cover was, in a sense, a religious experience for me."

Mohs, a Catholic who attended and taught at parochial schools, has frequently covered Jewish subjects during his three years in our Religion section. Before writing this week's story he visited seminaries in Cincinnati and New York, donned prayer shawl and yarmulke for lengthy Orthodox Sabbath and Yom Kippur services and spoke to many Jewish laymen and scholars. After their story went to press, Mohs, Ostling and Rosen and their spouses got together for a belated but traditional Passover Seder.

The Cover: An international Jewish album. Top row, from left: Israeli from Kurdistan; Yael Dayan, author and daughter of Israel's Defense Minister; Yemenite bride and German businessman. Second row: a Swede, a New Yorker, an Australian, a Russian. Third row: man from Cochín region of India, Mexican Diving Champion Miriam Weir, Jewish black in New York, Polish girl. Fourth row: synagogue elder, New York youth, American grandmother, Iranian in Israel.

Photographs by Arnold Drapkin, David Gahr, Norman Gorbaty, Charles Harbutt (Magnum), Curt Kaufman, David Rubinger, Rhoda Sidney (Nancy Palmer).

TIME

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heard that Saratoga is the summer home of the New York City Ballet? Or about the boat trip through the underground caverns on the Indian River? What does a 50-lb. muskellunge look like and what do you do with it when you get it? And haven't you always planned on counting the Thousand Islands one day? Do it all this summer. In New York State.

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LETTERS

Women's Issue

Sir / Re "The American Woman" [March 20]: congratulations! You have stated our case with realism, legitimacy, statistics, and sanity.

GALE BASKIN
Cincinnati

Sir / Some of the women, all of the TIME. All of the women, some of the TIME.

Please never again all of the women, all of the TIME.

JEANNE MCNALLY
La Jolla, Calif.

Sir (or Ms.) / Female chauvinist pigs!!

JOHN F. MCGRATH
Boulder, Colo.

Sir / Your issue on Women's Lib should be used as a bible by those who are trying to correct inequalities to women. Publicity for Women's Lib has been unfair. Through frivolous publicity, emphasis has been placed on silly demands which completely obscure the real and serious issues.

EDWARD LYEK
Chicopee, Mass.

Sir / I found your issue of March 20 from start to finish an absolute and utter bore.

GRAHAM BARKHAM
Larchmont, N.Y.

Women's Gallery

Sir / "A Gallery of American Women" tells the success stories of eight white women and the failure story of one black woman. What was the point? To show us that white women can successfully cope and black women cannot? There are thousands of black women who are success stories, and thousands who are coping successfully (yes, even some on welfare).

I am a black woman who usually gives you high marks for integrity and fair play, but this time your insensitivity to Betty Jackson, and black women in general, is showing.

ROSETTA B. MOORE
Columbus

Home v. Job

Sir / Professional ambitions and the desire to perform social services are commendable, but I cannot accept the idea that working outside the home is necessarily better than working in it. I worked seven years before I was married (I was the first industrial diamond-powder saleswoman in the U.S.) and dreamed of a time when I would have enough leisure to pursue a wide range of interests: academic subjects, painting, photography, poetry writing, reading, tennis.

In 25 years of marriage, constant examination and evaluation of my husband's life (he is an advertising man) has not led me to believe that his life is more satisfying than mine. His days are long and arduous, stressful, hectic, immensely tiring and relatively confined to one track. By contrast, I have been free to pursue my college career to graduation, become a published writer, a portrait photographer, a reasonably accomplished painter, and even a mediocre tennis player. No one in my house has ever been a slave, least of all me.

MRS. IRVING A. PINSKY
Los Angeles

Sir / I have a question for Gloria Steinem: How many times in her job has she felt frustrated? Although I am now a full-time housewife, less than a year ago I was a working wife. I had one of nursing's "glamour" jobs in the intensive-

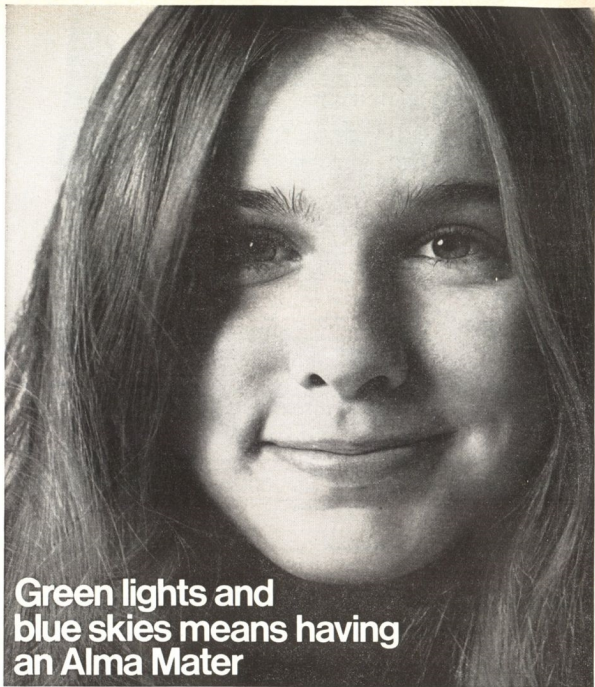
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LETTERS

care unit of a hospital. The demands of the job were emotionally satisfying. Yet at times I felt another disaster would make me leave.

The purpose of this letter is just to inform the housewives who wonder what it would be like to hold down a full-time job that although the grass may seem greener, there is just as much frustration and monotony at times.

EILEEN M. RETTIG
Eglin A.F.B., Fla.

Sir / Thanks, TIME. Though an English major in college, I have always wanted to be a welder, and there now seems to be hope for the homemaker to break out and into a new career.

Not that the life of an ordinary housewife is unrewarding. Now that I have mastered my mother's frozen-food recipes, ring around the collar and thread around the Singer bobbin, the Ms. seems reasonably happy in the home she comes home to. Perhaps I could vacuum days and weld nights.

Heavens, that's her Mercedes coming; my beds are still airing and I haven't started the meat loaf. If only she would take me out to dinner, but she's always too tired. And although she is a good provider, I have nothing to wear but these old blue jeans I was married in.

JOHN T. MCCUNE
Menasha, Wis.

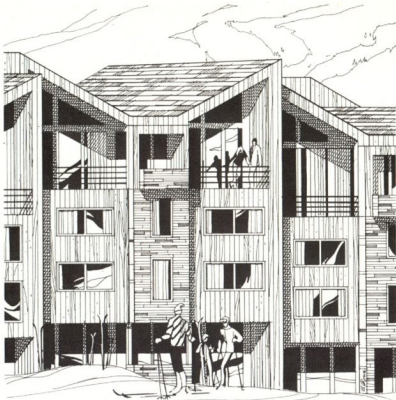
Sir / What about the American woman who has the self-possession to take pride in giving to her family, even though it means feeding a screaming child at 3 in the morning and then waking up at 6 to make breakfast for her husband? Perhaps she is the most liberated of all.

LESTER M. HADDAD, M.D.
Arlington Hospital
Arlington, Va.

Cover Artist

Sir / You chose a man to construct the cover for the special issue "The American Woman."

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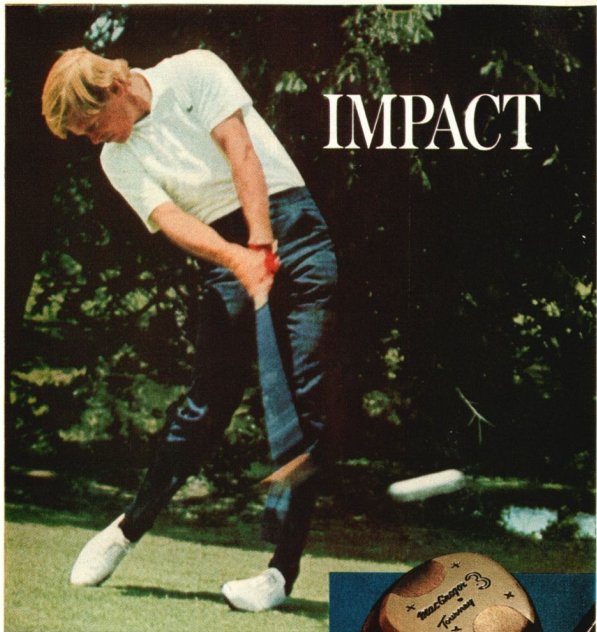
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LETTERS

sincerity of your efforts on behalf of women, but it has resulted in a work of art that heavily reinforces the stereotype of the "female mind" preoccupied with weddings and cookery.

VICKI KIRSCHBAUM
Plainview, N.Y.

Sir / Your own report said that 75% of art-school students are women. Could not one female artist be found qualified for that desirable cover commission?

ANN CARTER
Chicago

Ms-ery

Sir / (TIME is male?)

So TIME "believes that Miss and Mrs. convey valid information," does it? I am usually addressed as Mrs. Boal. What valid information does that give you? That I am married? That I was once legally married? That I am a common-law wife? That I have children? That my children are legitimate? I might be married with children and be generally addressed Miss because of my profession.

Why should any of us, male or female, identify ourselves in terms of our relationships with the opposite sex? It so happens that I am divorced, with children, and for me, as for many divorced women, neither Miss nor Mrs. is right.

MS. KATHRYN G. BOAL
Larchmont, N.Y.

Sir / I am curious to know what "valid information" you derive from my signature—if I may be forgiven for the fact that "Mrs." makes an ill-mannered signature (Emily Post).

Does my name lead you to some assumption about my physical condition? Now really! Even if verifiable, what business is it of yours? Have I a living husband named Mr. Carlyle Otto? Have I a dead husband named Mr. Carlyle Otto? Have I a living husband named Mr. William Otto and a dead husband named Mr. George Carlyle? Have I a living husband named Mr. Otto Otto and a dead husband named Mr. Carlyle? Was I married to Mr. Carlyle Otto first, being now divorced from subsequently husband Walters (acceptable to Emily Post)? Or have I (also by her rule) a living ex-husband named Mr. Otto, my maiden name having been Miss Louise Carlyle? Perhaps I have two dead husbands, a living ex-husband named Walters, a living husband named Mr. James Otto, and my own given name of Carlyle! Have I a living husband named Mr. Otto with whom I am not living? Am I living with a Mr. Otto to whom I have never been married? Or was once? Is Mr. Otto, living, husband or ex, good for my debts (if he can be found)? Is the estate of Mr. Otto, dead, good for my debts? Am I liable for his? Or does Otto, living or dead, married or unmarried, to me or anyone else, have anything whatever to do with my debts? Perhaps this guy Walters...

And once you have closed your eyes and pointed a blind finger to select a "valid" conclusion, what, by God, are you going to do with it?

MRS. CARLYLE OTTO
Kansas City, Mo.

P.S. Answer is none of the above.

Sir / Here's a more precise appellation to differentiate between single and married men: You can use Mister for single men and Stupid for married ones. (It can be abbreviated as Stip.)

STP. JOHN VASSILES
Jamaica, N.Y.

Sir / May I suggest Mr. and Mrr. (pronounced Murr).

M. GEORGE HADDAD
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sir / Why not bring back the designation Master for unmarried men and retain the Mr. for married men. Women's Libbers should like the

idea of a man losing the title of Master upon becoming married.

WILLIAM A. CRUME
St. Louis, Mo.

Bad Taste

Sir / Julie Eisenhower's exposé of Mrs. Nixon's teatotaling secret during her recent China sojourn [March 20] was a display of extremely bad international manners. Our initial overtures toward our Eastern neighbor could hardly be enhanced by such an insensitive statement.

MRS. PETER CHARUBAS
Cumberland, Md.

Continued Challenge

Sir / The issue on women was inspiring, but perhaps the best indication of the struggle ahead may be found in the Milestones section. Of five entries, four concerned men; the fifth dealt with a woman identified by reference to a man, her grandfather Franco, and portrayed in the traditional matrimonial role. Ours is still a society in which men are allowed to make the milestones. Therein lies the challenge.

ELLEN PARKER HANLIN
SHARON K. MARTIN
Washington, D.C.

No Nude Scenes

Sir / Concerning the *National Enquirer* story [Feb. 21]: sorry—the leopard has only changed half its spots if their story on Howard Hughes (which included me) is any example.

I was never interviewed by these gentlemen, and much of their little story is a complete lie. There were never any nude scenes shot during or after a day's shooting. I have never posed in the nude above or below the waist.

Like Lucifer, publications of this ilk tell a little truth and slip the lies in like chopped liver in a sandwich. The gullible don't know they've been had till they get sick.

JANE RUSSELL
Los Angeles

Correction

Sir / I read concerning my interview with Jerrold Schecter [March 20] this sentence: "China is trying to isolate its No. 1 enemy, Russia." I never said that China was trying to isolate Russia. I said that China very legitimately owed it to itself to get out of isolation.

PRINCE NORODOM SIHANOUK
Peking

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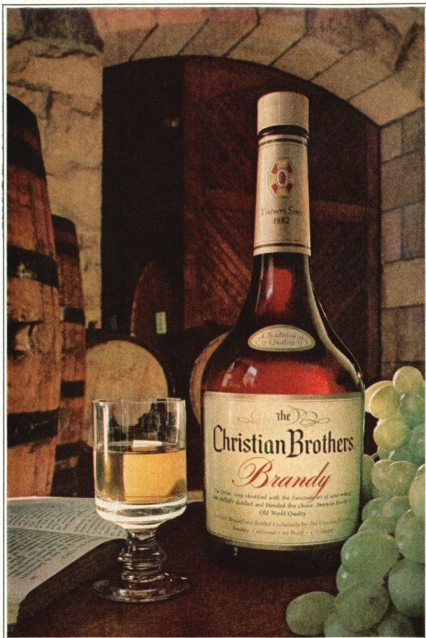
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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Produce and Perish?

Should the most productive nation in history continue to produce so lavishly? A call for a full-scale debate on the point has now come from Russell E. Train, chairman of President Nixon's Council on Environmental Quality. Last week Train voiced, on his own hook, the toughest line yet to come from a Nixon Administration official. "Most of us march to the tune of 'Produce or Perish,' and this has helped make of Americans a nation of high achievers," he told the Los Angeles World Affairs Council. "But with all of the benefits from continued economic growth, as a people we are beginning to question whether more is really better."

Recalling the widely discussed Club of Rome report (TIME, Jan. 24), which predicted that the present thrust of economic and population expansion would end in disaster within the next century, Train emphasized the "fundamental validity" of the doubts that have been raised about the desirability of continued growth. He picked out several areas for special scrutiny, not least the present distribution of income. President Nixon himself had said in a State of the Union message that Americans should seek quality, not quantity, in their lives. Still, Train thought his remarks "might make some waves" in the White House. The question he raised is already making waves throughout U.S. capitalism.

An Immodest Proposal

Although Train's speech implied a need for severe environmental regulatory measures, he said it was not necessary to accept "the dire hypotheses and methods underlying some of the more extreme predictions." A decidedly dire method of population control was advanced last week by the California social welfare board. The board's proposal for reducing illegitimacy in the state smacks ominously of Anthony Burgess's satiric novel *The Wanting Seed*, in which phony wars, homosexuality and cannibalism were officially encouraged as antidotes to overpopulation.

Specifically, the board suggested that: 1) a mother who bears a third illegitimate child should be deemed "morally depraved" and required to hand the child over to the state; 2) the mother of an illegitimate child must name the child's father within six months after giving birth, or relinquish

the child; and 3) girls 16 and under who bear an illegitimate child could be considered "incapable of providing support" and lose the baby after a court hearing. Said San Francisco Representative John Burton: "What's easier to attack than illegitimate children?"

Nudism Goes Public

Since nudism has been stripped of whatever peephole provocativeness it once had, the American Sunbathing Association is now opting for an open-door policy. Under a plan recently announced by Association President Robert G. Johnston, some 130 U.S. nudist camps are emerging from their traditional seclusion. "We've decided to come out of the woodwork and operate competitive recreational facilities rather than cults or philosophical retreats," Johnston explains. "We're inviting the public to come visit us just as they would visit Disney World."

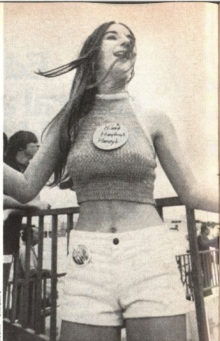
The new nudism will still be different from ogling Donald or Goofy. Johnston figures to charge \$5 per family at most facilities, with no special prices for single men and women. Few camps will allow novices to keep their clothes on after several visits. Says Johnston: "Motels don't screen guests, so why should we? But we do invite the men to bring their girl friends."

Called Strike

The right to strike is a fundamental precept of U.S. democracy. Still, major league baseball players scarcely seem to fit into the same category as coal miners, auto workers or even schoolteachers. But last week, the National and American League teams voted unanimously to call a strike against their owners.

At issue was the players' demand for greater pensions. Under the last contract, signed in 1969, they get basically \$60 a month for each year of service in the major leagues, paid beginning at age 50. Players average about 41 years in the majors; the pension, however, is paid only to players with at least four years' service. Now the players want a 17% rise in pension benefits to cover cost of living increases.

What is really at stake is not so much money as ego and the traditional order of things. The owners are used to having their own way and the hired help has only lately begun to test its muscle at collective bargaining. It was a called strike that surprised everyone, and it may possibly be settled before the first ball is due to be tossed out this week.



NUDIST—CAMERA



BURTON—CAMERA



MICHAEL L. CARLBERG

YOUNG MUSKIE BACKER

Are Primaries Necessary?

TO the candidates, the primaries must loom like some monstrous political version of the Great Wall of China: an awesome structure, stretching on and on, that has never decided a battle. As they campaigned in Wisconsin, the Democratic candidates were already showing serious signs of wear and tear. Yet this was only the fourth primary; there are a staggering 19 still to go.

The system was not designed to exhaust the candidates or bankrupt the party or elect Richard Nixon. But it seems to be doing all three. Around the White House, the least euphoric Republican says he is merely "confident" that Nixon will win. The others are gloating over the opposition's predicament. While the Democrats have always engaged in intraparty bloodletting, the wounds they are inflicting this year are going to take longer to heal.

Firing Squad. Why have they done this to themselves? One explanation has been offered in another context: when reform-minded Democrats are told to make up a firing squad, they form a circle. The system was set up with the best of intentions. After the disastrous 1968 Chicago convention, which took place in the streets as much as in the amphitheater, the Democrats decided that more people should be drawn into the nominating process. State party organizations were given a choice: either take the caucuses that select convention delegates out of the smoke-filled back rooms and open them to the rank and file party members, or hold a primary.

Many states opted for the primary, since it seemed the easier course. Their choice may also have been guided by the fact that a primary brings a state a lot of attention, an influx of tourists and considerable business. Some \$6,000,000, for instance, was poured into Wisconsin by the primary contenders.

But this year's primaries have not worked out the way they were supposed to. So many candidates have jumped into them that no one has much chance of emerging a clear winner. Even if one candidate in a primary does manage to lead the pack, he will be badly, maybe fatally scarred by his snapping rivals. The pile-up of names on the ballot gave an unforeseen boost to George Wallace, who won in Florida because the vote was split so many ways. Wallace might be contained if some of the liberal or centrist candidates quit the race. But on the eve of Wisconsin, only Vance Hartke, after getting 3% of the vote in New Hampshire and .3% in Florida, has had the grace to get out of a contest he never had a chance of winning.

Despite the cost to a candidate of mounting a primary campaign, compensations in publicity are high. The press lavishes attention on the primaries

because they have the ingredients of a suspense story. The press, in fact, has become the unofficial arbiter of the results, deciding who wins and who loses in races where the real meaning of the outcome is bound to be murky. Savoring this new-found power, NBC News Vice President Richard Wald has half humorously suggested that the primaries be held at the convenience of the press: Southern primaries should take place in the winter. Only when the spring thaw begins should reporters have to make the blustery trek north to New Hampshire and Wisconsin.

As they survey the damage, Democrats look back almost nostalgically to 1968, when fewer candidates entered fewer primaries. There were enough contests to test their mettle, but not enough to wear them out. In states that did not hold primaries, the candidate was compelled to deal and dicker with party leaders—another kind of test. That system worked in a rough sort of way, even though it was untidy and became untenable. Much as some of them may like to, the Democrats would have trouble returning to boss rule or even a modified form of it. But what to do to ease the new primary agonies?

One suggestion, made by Senator Mike Mansfield, is to hold a national primary. Under his constitutional amendment, a candidate would have to get 40% of the vote to win. If no one did, there would be a run-off election between the top two vote getters.

Most observers feel that a national primary would be going from bad to worse. It would put a premium on television, since the candidates would not be able to get around the country to see the voters. Direct contact, the one distinct advantage of the present primary system, would be lost. As Jess

Unruh says, "Campaigning straightens out the impressionistic image of the tube."

A national primary would put relatively unknown candidates at a disadvantage. At the same time, it would be an even greater lure for extremists. If the vote were sufficiently split, there would be no reason why far-out candidates could not finish in the top two positions. The two-party system might soon fracture. The national conventions, meanwhile, would be reduced to nothing more than rubber stamps. For all their defects and dwindling power, the conventions still serve a valuable function in bringing together party stalwarts from all over the country and forcing them to come to a consensus on a candidate and a program.

No Finality. More acceptable is a kind of halfway house: regional primaries. Republican Senator Bob Packwood of Oregon plans to introduce a bill that would include all 50 states in five staggered primaries. States in the same area would all have their primaries on the same day. This would not have the finality of a national primary; if no candidate were to get a majority of delegates across the country, the choice would still be determined by the national convention. An obscure candidate would have a shot at the nomination without having to raise the kind of money a national primary would require. Candidates would continue to be tested without having to get bogged down in petty local issues. A variation on the regional primaries was proposed by Arizona Representative Morris Udall, who will introduce a bill setting three primary dates. A state wishing to hold a primary chooses one of the three; a candidate who enters any of the primaries on one date enters them all.

There are short-term solutions. A state can discard a primary as easily as it sets one up; candidates could come to some agreement to limit the amount of campaigning they do. With the partial exception of Canada, the U.S. is the

"Someone's coming out of the arena! We have a winner and champion! Excuse me, sir, could you tell us which one you are?"



THE NATION

only Western country that opens party nominations to mass participation. The problem is how far to carry it and how to control it. Says Donald Matthew of the Brookings Institution, who is studying the President-making process: "We Americans frequently assume that the way we do things is the natural way and that everyone else is nuts. In this case, the reverse may be true."

Sorry, Wrong Number

In theory, the technique sounds like a natural for candidates seeking office in the electronic age. Rent a computer. Cram it with the names, telephone numbers and demographic particulars of a million or so voters. Feed in recorded messages by the candidate, slanting each pitch to appeal to a different ethnic or social group. Plug in a bank of telephones. Push a few buttons. And bleep, whir, ding-a-ling, the machines tirelessly canvass the constituency with "personalized" calls (TIME, Jan. 10).

In practice, however, the computer phone banks have blown a few fuses. For one thing, there is no telling how intrusive or untimely a call might be. For another, the computer's cross sections can get crossed up, misdirecting messages, say, about substandard housing to wealthy WASPs or promising new employment opportunities to retired senior citizens. That kind of cross-up happened to the statewide computerized campaign of one candidate in the Florida primary. No machine recorded the reaction on the other end of the line, but the possibilities are several:

Candidate: Hello—this is Hubert Humphrey on a recorded message.

Voter: Hubert who?

Candidate: I'd like just a moment of your time . . .

Voter: I don't have a moment.

Candidate: . . . to talk about the Florida presidential primary.

Voter: You woke the baby.

Candidate: The stakes are high this election year.

Voter: You must be high to call here right in the middle of the *Flip Wilson Show*.

Candidate: We must support Israel. . .

Voter: Israel? What about us poor blacks right here at home?

Candidate: . . . providing her with the arms. . .

Voter: Arms? How about providing for all the mouths I got to feed?

Candidate: . . . she needs—and now!

Voter: Man, have you got the wrong number! (Click.)

Fortunately, perhaps, other snags caused the Humphrey computer phone banks to deliver less than half the promised 9,000 calls per day. Sorely by the experience, the Senator's aides now suspect that the day of saturation is fast arriving. In Wisconsin, they used only one basic message—and that only in Milwaukee County.

HOUSING

Ghetto Shakedown

The lack of decent housing for poor people living in the nation's largest cities has long been a national scandal. Doubtless it contributed to the fury of the race riots that plagued U.S. ghettos in the mid-1960s. In response, Congress in 1968 directed the Federal Housing Administration to help the poor buy homes in "high risk" areas by guaranteeing mortgages and sometimes subsidizing part of their mortgage payments. But with indictments last week in New York and Philadelphia and investigations under way elsewhere, that program itself was becoming a scandal in which the poor once again had become the victims of greedy speculators and corrupt Government officials.

The federal indictments charge that real estate dealers, lending institutions, lawyers and some FHA officials had conspired to inflate the reported value of cheap houses and sell them at high prices to people who could not really afford them. The ultimate loser was the U.S. taxpayer, since FHA guaranteed the mortgages and was left holding the low-value houses when the owners defaulted on their payments.

Responsibility for preventing such abuses rests with HUD Secretary George Romney, whose department includes the poorly administered FHA. In an



ABANDONED FHA HOUSE IN DETROIT
The taxpayer is the loser.

eloquent if self-serving speech, Romney tried to divert attention to the broader problems of the ghetto, noting that bad housing was a result rather than a cause of ghetto squalor (see box).

That in no way could excuse what the indictments contend has happened in New York, where a Brooklyn federal grand jury charged 40 individuals and ten firms with 500 specific criminal acts, including bribery, fraud, conspiracy and giving false statements to the Govern-

HUD's Romney: What Are We Doing?

IN a speech before the Detroit Economics Club two days before the latest housing scandals broke, George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, made a remarkable admission: he suggested that his agency did not necessarily know what it was doing. There is no agreement, even in principle, about how to deal with ghetto neighborhoods, Romney indicated. Said he: "We need to make the hard analysis that we don't yet know how to solve this mounting crisis of people with problems in our central cities—but we must find out before it is too late. Failure to do so could result in a fatal national crisis."

He also conceded that in practice there have been "flagrant abuses" of housing programs in ghetto areas of large cities. He blamed "speculators and fast-buck artists" but accepted some of the blame himself for the failure of the FHA, which his department supervises, to combat them. Said he: "I am angered and determined to eliminate incompetence, conflict of interest, favoritism, graft, bribes, fraud, shoddy workmanship and profiteering."

Romney defended the FHA for its willingness to insure home mortgages in high-risk areas when private lenders

had long refused to do so. "Our department has made mistakes," Romney said, "but we will not abandon the central city as so many have done." HUD, he insisted, will "not abandon even a single house—we either rehabilitate and sell it, or we demolish it."

Romney argued that housing is not the cause of urban decay. "We will not solve this crisis if we pretend that it is just a housing crisis. Housing didn't take the jobs away. Housing didn't reduce the population. Housing didn't bring the drug addiction."

One of the major agonies of inner cities, Romney said, is that "a new barrier of fear has emerged" between the cities and their "balkanized suburbs." This is because the cities contain a "confined concentration of people with problems." He added: "A small section of our population has become a real menace to their neighbors. We have not been able to get at the social causes of this socially demoralized group—and we do not know how to protect the much larger group of working poor and dependent poor, as well as moderate-income families, from these everyday experiences that generate fear."

Romney suggested that this "real menace" of a few may lead others to

ment. More indictments were expected, involving a possible loss to the Government of up to \$200 million.

Already indicted were seven full-time FHA employees, two part-time FHA employees, eight real estate firms and ten lawyers. Shockingly, the indictments also named Dun & Bradstreet, long the ultimate arbiter of the credit status of businesses and individuals, and one of the firm's executives. The main lender indicted was Eastern Service Corp., owned by Harry Bernstein and his wife Rose, one of the biggest and until now among the most respected mortgage dealers on Long Island.

The Philadelphia indictments involved houses sold to Spanish-speaking residents. Two FHA inspectors and a real estate broker were charged. Nine other indictments involving FHA-mortgaged homes had been returned there earlier. Investigations of similar abuses or suits charging such frauds have begun in Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, Miami, Seattle and Los Angeles. Similar indictments were handed down earlier this year in Paterson, N.J.

Falsified Forms. While details of the illegal transactions vary, a typical deal in New York worked this way: A real estate speculator would buy a ghetto house for \$10,000. He would find a poor but working black, induce him to buy the house for \$200 down, and promise that monthly mortgage payments would be low, perhaps lower than

his present rent. Before guaranteeing a mortgage, FHA would send an appraiser to check the value of the property. The appraiser, who was part of the conspiracy, would get \$100 from the speculator for claiming that the property was worth \$20,000, and would falsify the detailed seven-page FHA appraisal form. The buyer would agree to pay that price.

To get his mortgage, the buyer would be urged to inflate his own income in his application to the FHA, which is supposed to determine whether a purchaser can really afford the housing. He would sometimes do this by listing a job he did not really hold. The indictments claim that in some cases Dun & Bradstreet would verify this baseless credit rating. FHA would agree to stand behind the mortgage, and Eastern Service would lend the buyer the money. The buyer would then often discover that the house was badly in need of repair, or that the mortgage payments were higher than he expected.

He would fall behind in his payments. Eastern would get its money back either by selling the mortgage to the Government or, on foreclosure, directly from FHA, which would be stuck with the house. Romney has estimated that within a few years more than 240,000 units nationwide could be in default—and that the loss would be “catastrophic.” Some are so vandalized that FHA demolishes them; others are repaired and resold by FHA, which figures that it loses an average of \$10,000 on each single-family house.

No Faith. In each case, the illegal profits would be spread among the conspirators. The speculator would pick up an immediate profit of \$10,000 on the house (buying for \$10,000, selling for \$20,000). He would pass some of that along to the lending firm, which also charged high service and closing costs. The appraiser, usually an independent operator who gets as little as \$35 a house for his part-time FHA work, would get his bribe, as would the FHA inspectors involved in the scheme. The inspectors are full-time civil service employees.

Although HUD is a sprawling agency difficult to control from the top, its local officials should have known their areas well enough to spot the inflated house values. Belatedly, HUD has worked with the Justice Department to initiate investigations. It has tightened regulations to provide better verification of values and buyers' credit.

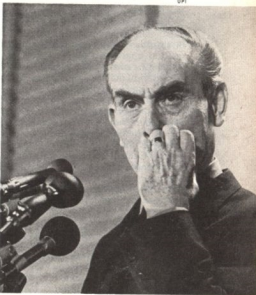
The evidence for the New York indictments was presented to a grand jury by Anthony Accetta, 28, an Assistant U.S. Attorney who once lived on Manhattan's Lower East Side. He said angrily, “The low-income Italians I grew up with were the same kind of people as the Puerto Ricans and blacks being victimized here—hard-working individuals trying to get ahead. I don't see how anyone who is black or Puerto Rican could have faith in the system after being shaken down like this and then losing his house two months later.”

TRIALS

Boyle Down

Whenever the U.S. Government did something he did not like, John L. Lewis, the colorful, powerful president of the United Mine Workers of America, would protest with outraged, rolling rhetoric. Last week his successor, W.A. (“Tony”) Boyle, stood wordlessly before a Washington federal jury as he was pronounced guilty of embezzlement, conspiracy and illegally contributing to political campaigns. His silence, compared with Lewis' bombast, symbolized the fall of a once powerful union to a scandal-ridden ebb of influence. Boyle's conviction carries a maximum sentence of 32 years in jail and fines of \$120,000.

During a two-year period, the U.M.W. improperly passed \$49,250 in

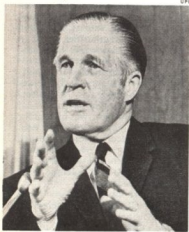


U.M.W.'s TONY BOYLE AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Silence, ebb.

miners' money to politicians. Although the Democrats received most of the money, funds went to both parties—not an uncommon hedge for either industry or labor (see BUSINESS). Boyle argued that he was simply following the example of his mentor, Lewis, a one-time political kingmaker who blatantly wielded funds and votes for favored candidates. Boyle, 67, will now be barred from running for union office, although he cannot be ousted from his present job and will remain free on bail while his case is appealed.

The indictment and conviction of the U.M.W. president followed a bloody union election contest between Boyle and Joseph A. (“Jock”) Yablonski. Boyle won the election by a 2 to 1 margin, but Yablonski supporters have appealed the result. Less than a month after his defeat, Yablonski, his wife and daughter were murdered. His death shadowed the union with charges that

consider all ghetto dwellers as similarly fearsome. There is a danger, he said, that the cities may be left with only “a black minority held back from entrance into broader society, not only by racial prejudice and economic classism, but by the growing fear stereotype that unfairly labels them with social menace.” None of that, said Romney, can be dealt with “by hiding behind scapegoats—whether Secretary Romney, HUD, the Nixon Administration or any other available target.”



SECRETARY ROMNEY

THE NATION

he was ordered killed after the bitter campaign.

No connection has ever been established between the Yablonski murders and Boyle or the U.M.W., but the resulting publicity helped contribute to Boyle's downfall. From a post-World War I membership of more than 600,000, the U.M.W. has dropped to 180,000 members; critics have charged that the union has lagged on safety legislation and failed to push vigorously for black-lung benefits for disabled miners. Autocratic, out of touch, Boyle was left with little defense to offer those critics—or his federal prosecutors.

Fee-for-All

Did San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto owe the state of Washington and various local authorities a refund of \$2.3 million? In court for 95 days since last October, jurors and witnesses in Vancouver, Wash., produced a total of 9,675 exhibits and an estimated 3,500,000 words of testimony and arguments on that question. Last week the jury somehow came to a decision after only 10½ hours of deliberation. Their verdict: Alioto could keep the money.

It was by any measure a curious case. A highly successful antitrust lawyer in San Francisco before he became mayor, Alioto was asked in 1961 by the then Washington State attorney general, John O'Connell, to handle suits for triple damages against 24 electrical manufacturers that had conspired to fix prices at an improperly high level. Alioto was to be paid 15% of whatever he could recover, up to a maximum fee of \$1,000,000. He eventually got the manufacturers to pay \$16.2 million to his clients—the state of Washington, three cities, one port authority and eight public utility districts. Along the way, however, O'Connell consented to lift the \$1,000,000 ceiling on Alioto's fee; Alioto got \$2.3 million.

Alioto had turned over \$802,814 of his fee to O'Connell and O'Connell's deputy, George Falser. Accused of conflict of interest, the attorney general responded that state officials have a right to practice law in their spare time. O'Connell said that he had worked on the case not only for the state but on behalf of his spare-time clients, the public utility districts. The fee from Alioto had been for that nonofficial work. Claiming that they had been unaware of all the Laocoon lawyering, the clients went to court to get the fees back.

"We felt the plaintiffs all knew that the fees were being shared and that the ceiling had come off," said Jury Foreman Gilbert Scott. Moreover, "We thought that the plaintiffs got their money's worth." But the three are not yet home free. They now face a second trial on criminal counts. The Federal Government has charged them with conspiracy and mail fraud in connection with the contention that their fee-splitting amounted to bribery of public officials.

The Brothers and Angela

*Sometimes I think this whole world
is one big prison yard
Some of us are prisoners, the rest
of us are guards
Lord Lord, so they cut George
Jackson down
Lord Lord, they laid him in the
ground.*

—Bob Dylan

The buff-colored civic-center modern Santa Clara County Superior Court-house, where the trial of Angela Davis is being held, is protected by a couple of recently erected 12-ft. chain-link fences, with gates guarded by about a dozen armed deputies. At 6 each morning, quiet, well-behaved crowds of young blacks, Chicanos and whites begin gathering at the gates to vie for the 42 courtroom seats reserved for the

CARROLL—BLACK STAR



SOLEDAD BROTHER GEORGE JACKSON

The key lies in interpreting the ambiguities of evidence.

public. Angela Davis, her sister Fania Jordan and the defendant's team of three lawyers arrive shortly before 9, from a secret place where Miss Davis has been staying since her release on \$102,500 bail Feb. 16. Everyone must pass through a detection device so sensitive that it picked up the metal in a woman reporter's girdle.

Inside the small courtroom the security is also tight, but unobtrusive. The area in front of Judge Richard E. Aronson's bench is clogged with tables and people. At one table Prosecutor Albert W. Harris Jr. sits with an assistant. The rest of the limited space is filled by half a dozen deputies with walkie-talkies and a bailiff—all armed with revolvers. In the first rows sit 30 members of the press contingent, which includes correspondents from the Soviet Union and East Germany, where Angela Davis is considered a political prisoner.

In his opening statement, Prosecutor Harris had to go back over the events that led to the Davis trial. In January 1970, George Jackson and two other blacks, Fleeta Drumgo and John Clutchette, were charged with the murder of John Mills, a guard at the state prison in Soledad, Calif. Jackson had already spent ten years in prison for a \$70 robbery; there he turned into a skillful revolutionary dialectician and a leader of Soledad's militant black inmates. The 1970 indictments made him a radical hero, and the three became known as the Soledad Brothers.

In August 1970, Jackson's younger brother Jonathan, 17, tried to kidnap a judge and four others from the Marin County, Calif., courthouse. He reportedly said that he meant to use his hostages to bargain for release of the Soledad Brothers. In the shootout that followed, the judge, young Jackson and

ELIZABETH SUNFLOWER



DEFENDANT ANGELA DAVIS

two of his accomplices were killed. About a year later, George Jackson, then 30, was fatally shot at San Quentin in what prison authorities called an escape attempt. Last week, ironically, Drumgo, 26, and Clutchette, 29, were acquitted of the Soledad guard's murder by an all-white jury in San Francisco. Now, Angela Davis, 28, the former U.C.L.A. philosophy instructor and proclaimed Communist, was on trial for murder, kidnapping and criminal conspiracy in supposedly helping Jonathan in the fatal attempt to free his brother. She did so, said Prosecutor Harris, because of her "passion for George Jackson that knew no bounds."

To support his contention, Harris said that he will present in evidence letters found in her Los Angeles apartment, and others which she had sent to Jackson but which were intercepted. He also said that she and Jackson were ob-

served in "a close passionate and physical involvement" during her one brief visit with him at San Quentin—it was the only time they ever met—and that she even considered herself married to Jackson. In his impassive, businesslike monotone, Harris promised the jurors evidence that the weapons used in Jonathan's aborted kidnapping had been purchased by Defendant Davis, and that she was seen in a van that Jonathan Jackson had rented the day before the courthouse shootout.

Tall and slim, Angela Davis stood easily at a lectern facing the jury box. She insisted on making her own opening statement. At one point during her one-hour and 20-minute address she called the state's case "a network of false assumptions." She admitted to "a deep affection" for George Jackson, but insisted that her love for him was no different from the love she felt for the remaining Soledad Brothers and for all "oppressed brothers and sisters." She attacked the prosecutor's hypothesis about her motive as "taking advantage of a woman, because in this society women are supposed to be ruled by passion—clearly evidence of male chauvinism."

Dynamite Hill. She admitted owning the guns found at the scene of the shootout. In the "Dynamite Hill" section of Birmingham, Ala., where she grew up, she explained, most families kept guns for protection against racist attacks. She insisted that the weapons were bought legally after she started getting a spate of extremist threats. Said she: "I was convinced with good reason that I needed some sort of protection if I wanted to live out my years."

Just how Angela Davis lives out her years is the question her jurors must decide. Resolving this last link in the chain of events begun by George Jackson will be all the more difficult for them because everything hangs on the interpretation of ambiguous evidence.

Acquitting a Chaplain

In one of the more sensational courts-martial on record, Navy Chaplain Andrew Jensen, a Baptist minister, went on trial for conduct unbecoming an officer, accused of adultery by two women who claimed they had sexual relations with him (TIME, April 3). Last week he was acquitted at the Naval Air Station in Jacksonville, Fla. Prosecutor Ralph Levy had argued that the two Navy wives would never have risked the publicity for their charges were false. "This is too high a price to pay for anything but the truth," he told the court.

Commander Jensen, 43, denied having affairs with the women, and his attorney claimed that they were "sick and conspiring." When the verdict of not guilty was announced, Jensen's wife Kathleen, 43, embraced him and expressed her relief: "Thank the Lord." The chaplain was surrounded and congratulated by other wives at the base who had raised \$15,000 for his defense.

NEBRASKA

Boys Town Bonanza

"There are no bad boys," said Father Edward Flanagan as he set about building Boys Town on a swath of Nebraska prairie back in 1917. His goal was to establish a refuge for homeless boys, many sent to him by state welfare agencies. Over the years a stream of tattered urchins found their way along U.S. Highway 6, which cuts through nearby Omaha, to Boys Town. In 1938, a wind-battered waif in the movie *Boys Town* made the place part of American folklore. Arriving at the doorstep with an injured lad slung on his back, he announced to Father Flanagan (Spencer Tracy, of course): "He ain't heavy, Father. He's m' brother."

Boys Town has been a legendary human success story; what few knew until

TON PLAMBECK



"HE AIN'T HEAVY" STATUE AT BOYS TOWN
\$286,000 per boy.

last week, however, is that it has been financially successful beyond Father Flanagan's wildest dreams. Today the institution has more money than it knows what to do with. One measure of its wealth is its endowment fund, which includes a portfolio of stocks and bonds managed by Morgan Guaranty Trust, and is estimated to be worth at least \$200 million. Compared with the endowments of universities, Father Flanagan's Boys Home Foundation Fund would rank No. 8, behind Harvard, Yale, Stanford, the University of Chicago, Princeton, Columbia and Cornell. Boys Town has about \$286,000 in endowment for each boy; the university with the highest endowment/student ratio is Cal Tech, at a mere \$96,000.

Boys Town is land rich too. Its campus is on 1,300 acres, now estimated to be worth \$8,000,000. Near by it owns another 120 acres, plus an office build-

ing in downtown Omaha; in Iowa it owns a summer camp; in Wyoming some ranch land. Boys Town ended 1970 with total assets of roughly \$192 million. If it were an industrial corporation, these assets would rank it 372 on FORTUNE's list of the top 500.

Where did Boys Town get all its money? Mostly from \$1 and \$2 donations solicited twice a year, at Christmas and Easter, by the town's highly organized mailing campaign. Roughly 34 million letters go out each year explaining that Boys Town is a "City of Little Men" and that a small contribution "can help bring happiness to other homeless and unwanted boys." It is a simple poverty-pitch appeal, hardly consonant with Boys Town's present wealth. It was originally devised by Ted Miller, a membership solicitor for the Loyal Order of Moose, who joined Father Flanagan's staff in 1939 after seeing the *Boys Town* movie. Admits Henry Lucas, Miller's successor and a 24-year veteran of Boys Town fund raising: "We're the envy of organizations around the country."

Well they might be. In 1970, donations to Boys Town totaled \$17.7 million. It cost considerably less to operate the institution: many staff members are low-paid priests or nuns, building maintenance is minimal, and expansion is currently limited to one new \$3,000,000 grade school. As a result, 1970 expenses for Boys Town totaled only \$9,000,000—more than one-third of it spent on raising more funds. That means that it cost less than \$6,000,000 to operate the institution. On its present basis, Boys Town no longer needs the fund-raising campaigns, since interest from the endowment is now running in the neighborhood of \$6,000,000.

Human Error. Until recently, it was impossible to get the figures that tell the rags-to-riches story. But the Tax Reform Act of 1969 required tax-exempt Boys Town to file a public statement of financial position for the first time. Warren Buffett, 41, owner of seven Omaha weekly newspapers that have already won two national awards, last week seized the opportunity to publish the first exposé of Boys Town's finances; a six-man team headed by Editor Paul Williams had worked on the project since November. Buffett, a Protestant and self-made millionaire who until two years ago ran a successful investment firm, concluded that Boys Town was mesmerized by its fund-raising machine. Says Buffett: "I'm not blaming anyone. What happened here is human." He did criticize the town's administrators for failing to expand their operation to handle more troubled boys, such as the retarded or drug addicted.

Father Flanagan originally set up Boys Town to provide a home only for mentally and physically sound boys. Under the directorship of Father Nicholas Wegner, now 73, the institution has refused to alter that policy, even though foster homes now accommodate more

THE NATION

of the kind of boys that Flanagan meant to help. The town's population has fallen from around 900 in the early '50s to under 700 last year.

Father Wegner responded to Buflett's story by explaining: "This is a business. No business ever stops trying to save for unknown contingencies. If we go into the retarded business, we'll need the money." That is true enough; caring for retarded children costs considerably more than the \$6,000 per boy the town now spends each year. In fact, providing such care is one of the new directions that Boys Town may take in a belated effort to catch up with the times. Recently its 17-member board voted to seek outside professional counsel in charting Boys Town's future. It is perhaps only a small step, but Buflett claims it is the boldest policy move the Boys Town directorship has made in the 24 years since Flanagan's death.

and partake of it as effortlessly as they drink their bourbon.

This populist verve was abundantly evident in the way Montanans overhauled their creaky, 82-year-old state constitution. That laborious, 28,000-word document had been written—or more precisely, foisted upon the people—largely by mining interests, who hobbled the processes of government while exempting their own properties from taxation. But it was not until 1970 that the heel-dragging legislature, under pressure from reform-minded citizens, called for a new charter. Appropriately, members of that legislature, as well as all other elected Montana officials, were not invited to participate actively. This was to be a people's crusade.

And it was. The election of delegates to the constitutional convention brought together 100 of the best people of grass-roots Montana. There were

legalize homosexuality and prostitution.

What they all seemed to understand implicitly was that in Montana, no less than in California or New York, ordinary people feel that they have lost touch with their own government. Said Delegate Daphne Bugbee, an architect from Missoula: "We want our government to serve us, to be where we can look at it, feel it, touch it and know it."

Even Break. As finally approved after 54 working days, Montana's new charter is a model document. Despite the individual political differences of the writers, it has a nonpartisan, populist character. Mercifully, it is only 12,000 words long, and it sparkles with flashes of human concern from the beginning: "We the people of Montana, grateful to God for the quiet beauty of our state, the grandeur of our mountains, the vastness of our rolling plains, and desiring to improve the quality of life..."

The "Declaration of Rights" rings with progressive principles, declaring the citizens' right to privacy, to a clean environment, to equality regardless of age or race or sex. The legislature is made both more powerful and more responsible to the people. Moreover, it will now be more representative. Under the old system, many rural counties were grouped with larger urban counties; with city voters in the majority in those districts, the rural counties could scarcely carry a candidate into office. Now it will be one man, one vote: new lines will be drawn to create single-member districts that will give the countryside an even break.

Short Circuit. Under the old charter, the public service commission was dominated by the power companies it was supposed to regulate; the public got short-circuited. Now provision is made for an ombudsman, a consumer counsel who will represent the public in utility-rate cases. In the past, a single state board of education tried to run both the public schools and the six-unit university system; the new constitution creates separate boards and gives the regents full control—without political interference—over the universities. Montana also limped along with a tight constitutional limit on property taxes, which imposed great inequities in school-district financing; it was so restrictive that the state ranked last in the U.S. in the amount of aid it could give to local governments. Now the limit is removed, enabling the legislature to distribute the tax burden fairly.

It still remains for the electorate to vote on the new constitution on June 6. Home again, the delegates have taken it upon themselves to convince their constituents of the virtues of the people's new compact with the state. Helena Delegate George Harper, a Methodist minister, is preaching "Praise the Lord and pass the Constitution." It may require a lot of convincing, because nobody can tell what those cussed individualists will do at the polls.



DELEGATES DISCUSSING PROPOSALS AT CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION IN HELENA

MONTANA

Fresh Chance Gulch

Montanans have just rewritten their state constitution. San Francisco Bureau Chief Jesse Birnbaum observed the process and the participants and sent this report:

Critic Leslie Fiedler called it an "inhumanly virginal landscape," shuddered at the "atrocious magnificence of the mountains, the illimitable brute fate of the prairies." He was right. Montana is elusive, too vast to comprehend. It almost seems indecent for a land so big to have a population so small: 701,000 people in all, or five to every square mile of atrocious magnificence. Each resident reflects the Montana character: a cursed inconsistency that some people call rugged individualism. It is a trait bestowed by birthright ("You're not a Montanan until you've weathered 40 winters," the saying goes) and steeped in frontier nostalgia. Montanans are closet cowboys in haunting pursuit of the roundup, even while struggling with realities. Democrats vote Republican, Republicans vote Democrat. The naive are suspicious, the shrewd trusting. Together they brew 100-proof populism

ranchers, farmers, businessmen, three professors, five ministers, 24 attorneys, a beekeeper, a retired FBI agent. Nineteen were women, most of them housewives and educators. The oldest delegate was Lucille Speer, 73, a retired librarian; the youngest was a graduate student, Mae Nan Robinson, 24. What they all had in common was virtually complete ignorance of the art of constitution writing and a somewhat unfounded self-assurance.

Touch It. Undaunted, the delegates gathered in January in the former mining town of Last Chance Gulch, now better known as Helena, the state capital. Committees were formed. A squad of recent college graduates began turning out 2,368 pages of scholarly reports on human rights, welfare, education, taxation, legislative government, environment. Ordinary citizens and experts alike voiced their concerns before the committees. From the countryside came 1,500 letters filled with suggestions. The delegates studied, argued, hammered out their proposals, and hard work it was. "We had to educate ourselves and write a constitution at the same time," recalls Robert Kelleher of Billings, an imaginative attorney who fought in vain to change the government to the parliamentary system and

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When we set out to develop a razor that would shave you better than a conventional razor, we knew we had a tough job ahead of us.

There were already lots of good razors around.

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2 bladed razor.
It's one blade better.**



The New Gillette TRAC II Twin Blade Shaving System

Loyalist's Hang-up

"Since I tasted Ballantine's
I can't drink any other Scotch."

"That's no problem."

*The more you know
about Scotch, the more loyal
you are to Ballantine's.*



Be a Ballantine's Loyalist

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY,
86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC. N.Y.

FOOD PRICES

Let Them Eat Fish

In the supermarkets of Chicago, Carl Sandburg's "hog butcher for the world," pork chops that sold in September for 98¢ per lb. recently brought \$1.19. "I'm no longer just buying meat—I'm investing in it," grumbled one typically exasperated shopper. Throughout the nation last week, food prices were a major concern. AFL-CIO Boss George Meany complained that in his favorite Mrs. Adler's matzoh-ball soup, the number of matzoh balls per can had sunk from four to three, in effect raising the price. Humorist Art Buchwald fantasized that President Nixon will take to the TV screens and ask, as an ultimate post-Lenten sacrifice, for his fellow Americans simply to stop eating. In an ad for a Washington supermarket chain, Esther Peterson, who had been Lyndon Johnson's consumer affairs adviser, appealed to consumers to buy fish, fowl, eggs and other substitutes for costly meat.

FOR millions of American consumers, the debate over Richard Nixon's anti-inflation program will be settled at the supermarket check-out counter. Regardless of what economists and politicians can show on their cost-of-living charts, the inflation index that means most to the consumer is the cost of food. President Nixon, deeply embarrassed by a spurt in the most basic price of all during a period of wage-price controls, mobilized his Phase II machine to fight the battle of the pork-chop bill.

Treasury Secretary John Connally hastily summoned top executives of a dozen food-market chains last week; they agreed to provide him with special weekly reports on meat prices, which have soared 14% in the past year. C. Jackson Grayson, chairman of the Price Commission, scheduled hearings on all food prices for next week. A growing number of economists, including at least two members of TIME's Board of Economists—Otto Eckstein and Robert Nathan—favor placing farm prices under direct federal control. They warn that if food prices during March show anything like the February increase of 23% on an annual basis, the entire structure of Phase II may totter.

Election Trap. The furor over the cost of food has topped the President in an election-year trap very largely of his own making. He can hardly ignore the protests of consumers. On the other hand, Nixon has pledged to give the nation's largely Republican farmers a break that they felt he denied them early in his Administration. Indeed, Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, who was

hired last fall to quiet a near-revolt by farmers over low prices, has gloated over their recent levels. Farmers have benefited substantially in recent months from deliberate Government policies. Butz has budgeted a record \$4 billion for 1972 agriculture programs, including \$1.9 billion for feed-grain subsidies. Such payments not only jack up the price of, say, feed corn, but also of meat. Reason: when feed grains are expensive, farmers raise less livestock.

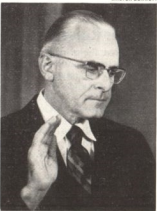
Seeking a scapegoat for high food prices, Nixon has pointed his finger at various unnamed "middlemen." The farmer, he declared, gets only about a third of the U.S. food dollar, while others—presumably packers, truckers, wholesalers, distributors and supermarketers—swallow the rest. Nixon was being a bit casual with his statistics. In fact, the farmer gets 40% of the food dollar (see chart, page 22). He does even better on relatively unprocessed foods like meat, raw vegetables and fruit. Ranchers pocket about two-thirds of the retail price for beef, which accounted for the biggest chunk of the February price surge.

Chasing Animals. The so-called middlemen undoubtedly have pocketed their share too, and there are a lot of

tionally operate on thin profit margins of 21 to 3% on sales, are hurt by the low supply of cattle. Says Sherwood O. Berg, dean of the University of Minnesota's Agriculture Institute: "Right now meat packers are operating under capacity. They are chasing animals to keep their manned production lines going." Nor are supermarkets in very good shape. At Chicago's Jewel Food Stores, the profit margin has slipped slightly since Phase II began. The huge A. & P. chain lost money last year. New consumer-protection laws have also boosted the supermarketers' costs; they often have to put meat in relatively expensive plastic see-through trays and must absorb the administrative expenses of posting "unit prices" (prices per lb.) of all goods.

In short, Nixon's search for profiteering middlemen may well prove difficult and discouraging. Price Commissioner Grayson noted that when the public gets mad about food prices, the Government traditionally blames the "middleman." After meeting with the supermarket executives, Connally added disingenuously: "I didn't use the word middleman. I don't know where it came from."

Who Gets Steak? John Connally's jawboning of food-chain executives brought some small relief. The day after the meeting, Grand Union Co. began a 30-day freeze on all fresh-meat and poultry prices. Officials of Safeway Stores and Acme Markets started to trim some meat prices. In the normal meat-producing cycle, prices should decline slightly in the next few months be-



AGRICULTURE SECRETARY BUTZ

middlemen. In the case of beef, animals are sold by the rancher to a feedlot operator, who fattens stock for several months before selling it to a slaughterhouse. The carcasses are then sold to companies called breakers, which divide the meat into standard cuts and market it to stores.

For all that, not many of the middlemen are getting rich. Big packing companies, which tradi-

GRAYSON IN WASHINGTON SUPERMARKET



WEIGHT Lbs. Net	VALUE	PRICE Per Lb.	WEIGHT Lbs. Net	VALUE	PRICE Per Lb.
6.75	\$5.33	.79	6.74	\$6.61	.98
NEW ZEALAND LEG OF LAMB			LEG OF LAMB		
DL			DL		

PRICE TAGS FOR IMPORTED LAMB (LEFT) & DOMESTIC LAMB IN CONNECTICUT

cause farmers have been boosting production to take advantage of high prices. The price of choice beef cattle has already dropped, from a 20-year high of \$36.76 per hundredweight in mid-February to \$34.62 last week. Agriculture experts foresee some decline in retail beef prices—perhaps down to the level during the freeze—but warn that pork will remain in short supply and therefore expensive.

If market forces do not cause a sharper decline in food prices, especially for sensitive meat items, the President will be forced to consider drastic action. He could place raw agricultural products under the same Phase II rules that apply to manufactured goods, thus trying to override seasonal and other variations that cause price shifts. The disadvantage of any controls is that they could lead to shortages, which in turn might breed black markets or create the need for food rationing. If that happens, points out Economist Beryl Sprinkle,

Nixon would find himself in the uncomfortable position of "deciding who gets the hamburger and who gets the steak."

Probably the simplest price-paring measure the President could take over the short run would be to raise food imports. The Administration last month increased import quotas on beef by 7%—which, as Butz carefully announced, was not nearly enough to worry domestic producers.

Economist Walter Heller, a former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers and a member of TIME's board, recalls suggesting higher import levels to Lyndon Johnson during a visit to the LBJ Ranch. The President, who was entertaining some fellow ranchers at the time, replied with amusement: "Think what you'd do to my friends here in Texas." That, says Heller, finished the matter. Nixon and Connally also have their friends to think about in an election year, and no one believes that more imported beef alone will solve the problem. But if food prices continue to be a gut issue in the campaign, the politicians are going to have to think about the people in the supermarket as well as those back at the ranch.

TAXES

Calling for Raises

When asked their stand on taxes, all too many presidential candidates have refused to say much more than that they ought to go down. Not some of this year's Democratic hopefuls. Edmund Muskie, George McGovern and Hubert Humphrey have either proposed or endorsed surprisingly detailed tax reforms that would cancel many benefits now enjoyed by U.S. companies, sew up loopholes used by the rich, and probably increase the tax bill of almost everyone with an income above \$12,500. The Democrats are making tax reform a big, sharp campaign issue.

In a position paper, Muskie proposed reforms aimed at increasing federal revenues by \$14 billion annually. Humphrey and McGovern joined eight other liberal Democrats in co-sponsoring a Senate bill, which was introduced by Wisconsin's Gaylord Nelson, to expand revenues by \$16 billion.* Both that bill and Muskie's proposals call for reductions or other reforms in local

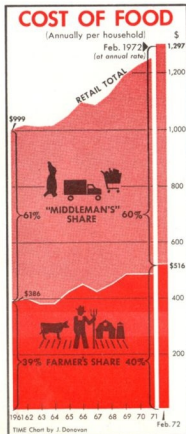
property taxes, an extremely popular goal first proposed by Richard Nixon. But the Democrats have replaced the controversial alternative being considered by the President—the so-called value-added tax, which would result in higher consumer prices—with populist soak-the-rich solutions.

The campaigning Democrats would dismantle some recently adopted Nixon programs that are designed to create jobs by stimulating business investment and exports. The Nelson bill would eliminate the present rule that allows corporations to claim depreciation on plants, machines and other capital goods faster than they actually lose value. Estimated revenue gain: \$3 billion annually. In addition, both the Nelson bill and the Muskie paper call for an end to the DISC program (for Domestic International Sales Corporation), which allows companies to set up special firms to handle exports and defer taxes indefinitely on some of their profits.

Shooting Ducks. The tax reformers also take aim at the favorite tax shelters of the rich, treating them like so many shooting-gallery ducks. The oil-depletion allowance would be reduced by 20% or more under both Democratic plans, and municipalities would be encouraged through federal subsidy to issue taxable bonds instead of the now popular tax-exempt variety. There would be new restrictions on tax deductions for farm losses, capital gains and large charitable contributions. Inheritance-tax bills would go up indirectly: estates would have to pay capital-gains taxes on property and securities (for wealthy people, at least 35% of the increase in value over the original purchase price) as well as regular income taxes on everything else.

In addition, Muskie proposed converting Social Security taxes from a flat rate to a progressive rate, comparable to income taxes. That would reduce the annual contribution of some 63 million low- and average-wage earners, but increase it for about 8,000,000 others. The higher earners would not only pay at a stepped-up rate but also would be taxed on all income, rather than on only the first \$9,000 as at present. (Last week Louisiana Democrat Russell Long predicted that his Senate Finance Committee will soon increase the taxable base from \$9,000 to \$12,000 and raise Social Security benefits by at least 10%.)

On his own, McGovern has also proposed a tax raise on the top 20% of federal taxpayers—generally families that earn \$12,000 or more. The funds would be used to provide minimum-income grants of up to \$1,000 each for lower-income people. Aside from promising tax relief for property owners, the other candidates have not been as specific as McGovern on how the new tax revenues should be used. But with all the urgent social, environmental and employment demands facing the nation, that will hardly be a problem.



*McGovern earlier published a position paper endorsing even broader changes than those in the Nelson bill (TIME, Feb. 14). He still stands behind his original ideas, but found this plan acceptable.



PROTESTANTS CARRYING FLAGS OF ULSTER & BRITAIN MARCH IN PROTEST AFTER SUSPENSION OF STORMONT

THE WORLD

NORTHERN IRELAND

Now It's Protestant Anger

AS has so often happened in its dour and tragic history, bloody Ulster was politically divided last week. For a change, the most pressing quarrel was not between dominant Protestants and the Catholic minority, but among the Protestants themselves. The issue that split them was Britain's imposition of direct rule over Ulster.

The ideological and emotional crunch created by the takeover was typified by the maneuvering of Ulster's outgoing Prime Minister Brian Faulkner. Suddenly deprived of office by Britain's decision, he first denounced any attempt by Westminster to renounce Ulster like a "coconut colony." Faulkner also showed up at a huge rally in Belfast of nearly 100,000 Protestants, which was summoned by William Craig, leader of the extremist Ulster Vanguard. Faulkner's presence lent a patina of respectability to Craig's demand for a massive civil-disobedience campaign. Then Faulkner reversed himself. "We must respect the law," he said in a statement issued on his last day as Prime Minister. "I must earnestly urge that there should be no further disruption of industry or economic life."

It was a noble but faint hope. Even though divided as to what to do next, most of Ulster's 1,000,000 Protestants clearly felt betrayed by the prorogation of the Parliament at Stormont, through which they had used their 2-to-1 pop-

ular majority to discriminate against the Catholic minority for more than half a century. One Unionist M.P. summed up the general feeling at Stormont's emotional last session by quoting from Kipling's 1912 poem *Ulster*: "Before an Empire's eyes/ The traitor claims his price./ What need of further lies?/ We are the sacrifice."

No Protestant leader felt, or conveyed, that sense of betrayal more than Craig. He called for a two-day general strike, and in an impressive display of solidarity, 170,000 workers—notably not including police or civil servants—walked off their jobs last week. Belfast was closed up tight. Most of the electricity was shut off, telephone service was sporadic; and there were no buses, trains or mail deliveries. At one point "tartan gangs" of Protestant youths roamed through Belfast's streets, shouting curses in Catholic neighborhoods and in one case partially destroying a parochial school. The Protestant violence ended as abruptly as the strike itself, and Ulstermen returned to work next day.

Wild Card. Craig's aim is to compel London to reinstate Stormont and redraft a constitution ensuring Protestant control. "We are going to endeavor by all nonviolent means to make the British initiative unworkable," he declared last week in an interview with TIME Correspondent Marsh Clark. "We

can burst the government." As a first step, Craig plans a rent strike by Protestant tenants of government-owned homes, and mass Protestant refusal to pay property taxes and utility bills. He is also considering the creation of an Ulster "provisional government"—a sort of government-in-exile-in-residence.

As if these threats were not ominous enough, there remained a wild card in Britain's gamble for peace: the I.R.A. A relative lull in its bombing campaign ended violently last week when a gelignite-loaded van exploded in the town of Limavady, demolishing the police station and several other buildings and killing two men who were driving by at the time.

Next day a series of bombs went off; one of them devastated a stretch of Belfast's Wellington Street and killed a British officer. Another 18 persons were injured in a blast in Lisburn, the site of British army headquarters.

In a Dilemma. The I.R.A., though, was clearly in a dilemma, and reports persisted of a split between some units in Ulster and the leadership south of the border over whether to declare a temporary truce. If the I.R.A. ceased bombing, it stood to lose momentum in its goal to drive the British out of Ireland entirely. If the I.R.A. continued, it could lose the support of Ulster's Catholics, whose immediate demands had been met by the end of the Stormont government, and by a British promise to begin releasing terrorist suspects who had been interned since last summer. "Very nearly 100% of the people in my area favor a stop to the bombing now," said John Hume, M.P. for Londonderry

THE WORLD

and a leading Catholic moderate.

Moving quickly last week, the British Parliament whipped through—with a majority of 483 to 18—the legislation making London's takeover of Ulster official. Among those who opposed the legislation were the Unionist M.P.s. As a last-minute gesture to Ulster's Protestants, the bill carried an amendment pledging no permanent change in Northern Ireland's status without the consent of its majority.

The debate also brought a respectful hearing for the Rev. Ian Paisley, who advocates full integration of Northern Ireland with Britain. Said Ulster's best-known Protestant preacher: "If we are realists, we will admit that it is easier to change half a million people than it is to change a million people. And there are a million people in Northern Ire-

land who want to remain part and parcel of the United Kingdom."

As soon as the bill was law, William Whitelaw, the new Secretary of State for Northern Ireland—"the Supremo of Ulster," as the newspapers dubbed him—flew by helicopter to Windsor to accept his seals of office from Queen Elizabeth, and then proceeded to Belfast. One of his first tasks, he promised Parliament, would be to review the files of the internees—numbering some 720—and free some of them.

Tea and Sympathy. Each batch of men freed will be guarantors for the next, and if violence tapers off, releases will be accelerated. "I must stress with the utmost force," he declared, "the basic simple principle that the sooner violence ends the sooner internment can be ended"—though he intends also to

keep the power to intern others if necessary.

Following Whitelaw to Ulster were 600 more British troops, bringing the total number there to 15,000 men. They were sent to keep the peace during Ulster's traditional season of marching, which began last weekend with the Catholic commemoration of Dublin's 1916 Easter Rising, and ends with the Protestant parade of the Apprentice Boys of Derry in August.

In one of the many ironic turns of Ulster's modern history, the British troops were welcomed once again into the Catholic communities. Worried by the prospect of raids by armed Protestant vigilantes, Catholic women who screamed curses at the soldiers only a few weeks ago were again offering tea and sympathy to the Tommies.

Three Voices of Protest

Brian Faulkner is Northern Ireland's shrewdest politician. The Rev. Ian Paisley is its most charismatic figure. William Craig may prove to be its most dangerous man. Whether Britain can peacefully rule the province, reports TIME Correspondent Curtis Prendergast, depends largely on the responses of these three contenders for Ulster's Protestant leadership.

► Faulkner, 51, "a clever wee man," as even his Catholic enemies concede, is the Richard Nixon of Northern Ireland politics: he has both Nixon's reputation for trickiness and Nixon's ability to recover from defeat. Faulkner was twice beaten for the premiership before he finally won it just a year ago; even now, amid the wreckage of the Stormont government, his standing with the Protestant rank and file is high. He is a pure Ulsterman, a Presbyterian, the son of a shirt-factory owner, and he went to college not in England but in County Dublin. "I'm an Irishman," he once proudly said. "With British links. But I'm Irish."

Faulkner, who in pugnacious moments looks rather like a bull terrier, made an early reputation in Unionist politics as a right-winger, a staunch Orangeman and a fierce critic of the Roman Catholic Church. He was a strong and capable Home Affairs Minister, in charge of security, at the height of the I.R.A.'s 1956-62 border campaign against Northern Ireland. As Prime Minister, he offered Catholic M.P.s a larger share of parliamentary power, and named the first Catholic minister to a Unionist government in the province's history.

His style was always that of a political juggler, matching small gestures to moderate Catholic opinion with major concessions to Protestant hard-liners. He introduced internment last August over the misgivings of the Conservative government in London. Within seven months, that blunder forced Britain to step in and take over Ulster's security. But Faulkner's decision to resign rather than accede to British demands reinforced his hold, for

the time being at least, on Unionist party politics.

► Paisley, 46, became a member of the British Parliament 22 months ago. Since then he has transformed his image from that of a sectarian rabble-rouser to what many of his colleagues in Commons consider the authentic voice of Ulster. His warnings last week to Protestant extremists—"Anarchy cannot be answered by more anarchy"—won him widespread applause.

Son of a dissident Baptist preacher and moderator of Ulster's Free Presbyterian Church, "Big Ian" is unquestionably Ulster's most compelling orator. He has made a career out of anti-Catholicism, but his former wisecracks at the expense of "Old



BRIAN FAULKNER



THE REV. IAN PAISLEY



WILLIAM CRAIG

Red Socks," as he used to call the Pope, have been toned down. On the first day of internment, he denounced the new policy and declared it would not work. Last week Paisley took a characteristically independent stand by advocating "total integration into Great Britain."

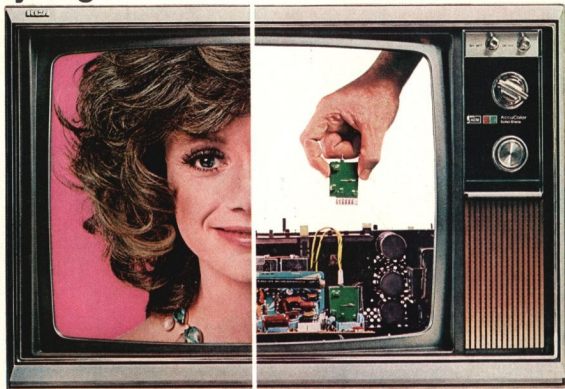
► Craig, 47, is a mild-mannered country lawyer who is fanatical about one subject only: the survival of Ulster's British heritage and its attachment to the British Crown. In 1968, he was the provincial Home Affairs Minister who made the mistake of trying to club civil rights marchers into submission.

He has long advocated the return of the notorious B-Special police auxiliaries, and today, as leader of the Ulster Vanguard, he talks of "liquidating" Ulster's enemies—meaning the I.R.A. Craig's oratorical style is wooden, but his words are often forceful, as demonstrated by the success of the strike he helped organize last week: his power lies in the visceral forces of hate he can unleash. "There are still some chances of averting a Protestant-Catholic war," he says ominously, "but they are very slim."

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CANADIAN MIST

BERLIN

Crack in the Wall

The Berlin Wall, which has served so often as a backdrop for human suffering, last week witnessed a very different sort of scene. From the divided city's Western sector, they came on foot by the thousands—old people struggling with sacks full of presents, small children carrying freshly cut roses or tulips, young mothers pushing prams, men lugging thick suitcases. Alternately smiling and weeping for joy, the visitors trudged past the tank traps, the death strip, the watchtowers. Finally, after clearing the last checkpoint, they rushed to meet friends and relatives whose faces some of them had almost forgotten. "Meine Liebe!" cried one old lady as she embraced an East Berlin friend. "What a beautiful day!"

For Berliners, West and East alike, it was indeed a beautiful day. For the first time in six years, the Wall—the concrete monstrosity that divides the city—was opened for visitors from West Berlin. The East German regime of Party Boss Erich Honecker had granted three-day Easter passes to West Berlin-

ers. The new showcase sections of East Berlin, with their large lifeless squares and sterile Marxist-modern, glass-sheathed buildings, impressed many of the visitors as utterly foreign. Visiting food shops and department stores, West Berliners were struck by the high prices (coffee \$10 per lb., a cotton dress \$38, a small refrigerator \$496). Some West Berliners clearly felt a sense of unease in being surrounded by the battalions of gray-uniformed Vopos (People's Police) and green-suited cops. Actually, the East German guards, normally a surly lot, were friendly and accommodating. Even on Good Friday, when the influx was at its height, there were only short delays at the border points. For the first time in 20 years, the East Germans also allowed West Berliners to travel beyond city limits into East Germany, but those who did so were subjected to thorough checks.

Meanwhile, on the autobahns linking West Berlin with West Germany—frequently the scene of long delays and harassment—the East Germans temporarily put into effect new access arrangements that had been worked out as part of the Berlin agreement. Border formalities were reduced from an av-

erage 30 minutes to only five or ten. No one was required to get out of autos or to submit to a search. As a test of the new East German attitude, one driver openly displayed copies of a West German military magazine and a Hamburg sex tabloid on the front seat of his car. In the past, Western publications were confiscated lest they contaminate East German minds. This time, however, an East German guard simply shrugged.

The Communists' Easter concessions were timed to place maximum pressure on West Germany to confirm the treaties of Warsaw and Moscow,

COMMON MARKET

The Mansholt Jolt

Europeans last week were treated to the refreshing spectacle of a top Eurocrat who said precisely what he thought—in plain language. He is Sicco Leendert Mansholt, 63, a burly 6-ft. 2-in., 191-lb. Dutch farmer, socialist politician and diplomat who took over last month as the fourth president of the Common Market Commission. To begin what promises to be a lively term as "Europe's Prime Minister," he faced a press conference and, after demanding a glass of champagne, delivered himself of a few straightforward opinions.

ON GROWTH: "Gross national product in all our member states, and also in the U.S. and Japan, has been thought of as something sacred. But G.N.P. is diabolical. We must think, instead, of our people's happiness."

ON POLLUTION: "If Europe can reach production without pollution, then we must do it. If others do not choose slower expansion in order to preserve the quality of life, then there will be conflict. I don't want Europe to be protectionist, but I think Europe must protect itself—not against others but to force others to go in similar directions."

ON BRITAIN'S LABOR PARTY, which opposes entry into the EEC: "As a socialist, I am ashamed to see my [British] friends developing along these lines. Socialism is fundamentally international. I'm convinced the majority of British socialists will say in years to come, 'What damned stupid things we did in '71 and '72!'"

ON SWEDEN AND SWITZERLAND: "We are about to conclude an agreement with Sweden that ought to satisfy them economically. After some time—I give them four years—this situation [of political isolation] will no longer satisfy the Swedes. It's another matter for Switzerland, because we could never give Switzerland the financial position she enjoys at the moment. It doesn't interest me very much. They must find their own way."

ON SPAIN: "I should be happy to welcome Spain into our community once they have a responsive system. It would give them some democratic education."

ON EEC REFORM: "If a question has been well prepared, we don't need to



EAST BERLIN GRANDFATHER MEETING WEST BERLIN GRANDSON FOR FIRST TIME
Presents and prams, roses and suitcases, smiles and tears.

ers as an illustration of the freer access that will be allowed after the Big Four agreement on the city is put into action. Although it was a one-way deal—no East Berliners were allowed to visit the Western sector—West Berlin's Mayor Klaus Schütz praised the Communist gesture. "What was written on paper now is being put into practice," he declared as about 500,000 West Berliners began to stream through the Wall. "This shows that an easing of tensions is possible, and not only in theory."

The West Berliners stepped into a city that in many ways was as strange to them as Warsaw or Moscow might



MANSHOLT ON HIS NETHERLANDS FARM
Zealous supranationalist.

debate it for 110 hours. That we do so on decisions taken annually shows that our community is sick. With their limited briefs, ministers must telephone their heads of government three times a night. But do they really want to be wakened to be asked about pork prices?"

A member of the commission during its entire 14 years, Mansholt grew up among the dour farmer folk of the northern Dutch province of Groningen, and during World War II became a central figure in the Resistance. Tapped after the war to become Minister of Agriculture, he tired of domestic politics in the 1950s, and in 1958 was sent to Brussels as The Netherlands' member of the European Commission. There he refined "the Mansholt Plan" to phase out Europe's tiny farms and replace them with larger, more efficient units; a modified version of his proposal was passed the day after he took over as president. Within the staid EEC bureaucracy, he also developed a well-founded reputation for bumptious indiscretion. As a zealous supranationalist who advocated closer European union, he fought a number of ideological battles with France's Gaullist representatives in the early '60s. For years it had been assumed that the hostility of the French had cost Mansholt whatever chances he had of becoming president.

This time, though, he had the backing of the French, who may well have seen his election as one way of getting the commission's key agriculture portfolio for themselves. At any rate, Mansholt is certain to bring new life to meetings of the commissioners, who are

appointed by their respective governments and are given more to haggling over detail than defining any vision of what the future political shape of Europe should be. Mansholt's predecessors—with the exception of Germany's Walter Hallstein, who served from 1958 to 1967—have set a pattern of weak and even meek presidents. That era is clearly over.

ITALY

Ecumenical Neofascism

For most Italians, the Easter holiday this year was more frustrating than festive. Alitalia was struck, which meant that both planes and plans had to be canceled. In a protest for higher wages, refinery workers sporadically cut delivery of the premium gasoline that most Italian cars require, thereby limiting *autostrada* excursions. (Enterprising urchins in Naples took advantage of the situation by selling mixtures of regular gas and cheap red wine as premium.)

In a nation that has already been depressed by rising crime rates, riots, political bombings, inflation, unemployment and inept government, Easter was as irritating as any other day.

The holiday frustrations came at a particularly unfortunate time: the most recent Italian government lost a confidence vote five weeks ago, and national elections take place next month—one year prematurely. In a vote filled with foreboding and uncertainty, 37 million Italians will choose Parliament members and determine the makeup of a new government from candidates of eight major parties and a host of minor ones. Trailing in strength but leading in voter attention—and gaining more with each new disruption—is the Movimento Sociale Italiano, the latter-day heir of Benito Mussolini's Fascism.

National Right. Up until now, when voters were angry at whichever center-left coalition the Christian Democrats headed, they protested by turning further left and voting Communist. MSI Leader Giorgio Almirante, 57, has made his party so attractive that the neofascists are certain to capture large chunks of this protest vote, with results hard to predict.

In the last Chamber of Deputies, the MSI held 24 of the 630 seats. On the strength of the national mood, and recent MSI showings in local and regional elections, Almirante expects to double that. Since the number of dedicated oldtime Fascists is limited, Almirante is stressing the concept of a "national right" and adopting what observers call "an ecumenical approach," in order to appeal to businessmen, professionals, youth and the 70% of Italian workers who are nonunionized. The party has issued a doctrinaire platform calling for "authority with liberty," a strong presidential form of government, curbs on strikes, and worker representation in

management. More important, Almirante is shrewdly changing MSI's image from blackshirt to button-down.

Three months ago, MSI party headquarters in Rome's Palazzo del Drago sent new instructions to 94 local organizations reining in its swaggering street fighters. Members were to get haircuts regularly, shave daily, wear neckties, eliminate profanity and downplay nostalgia for the good old days of *Il Duce*. No swastikas were to be smeared on synagogue walls or provocative marches made through Jewish neighborhoods.

To set an example, pictures of Mussolini in uniform and helmet on walls at party headquarters were replaced with 19th century landscapes. The Trieste party responded to the decree with a public ceremony at which clubs, helmets and iron bars were virtuously surrendered. In lieu of rabble-rousing party posters, MSI floods urban crime areas with handbills that read: "The people want protection against criminals."

Almirante himself, a green-eyed, graying Parma native of Sicilian ancestry, is an example of his own strategy. He has successfully smothered a fanatical past that included bitter-end service in Mussolini's last government and membership in the hated "Black Brigades" that hunted down Italian partisans. Now he is a well-tailored, low-keyed political leader. A spellbinding if somewhat long-winded orator, Almirante is in the midst of a whirlwind campaign in which he will make 230 speeches in 70 days, preaching the new neofascist message of propriety.

The MSI approach seems to be working. Other parties, including even the Christian Democrats, are stressing a conservative note in their campaign tactics in response to the MSI challenge. "Now we have a strong right, a right that counts," Almirante gleefully told



ALMIRANTE SPEAKING IN ROME
Button-down blackshirts.

TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn. "It was our growing strength that influenced the Christian Democrats to break the center-left coalition."

MSI is also attracting voters. "Look at all the crime we have now—robberies, rapes and murders," a fishwife in Rome's Piazza Vescovio outdoor market told Wynn. "It wasn't this way when we had Fascism, signore. We never had to lock our doors in those days." Milan's conservative magazine *Oggi* jokes that "the initials MSI no longer stand for *Movimento Senza Importanza* [Movement Without Importance]. Now they mean *Maggioranza Silenziosa Italiana* [Italy's Silent Majority]."

LIBYA

The Croesus of Crisis

Libya's Colonel Muammar Gaddafi is lavish with both words and money. Last week he took five hours—quite a stretch for Arabs who love prolix oratory—to extol pan-Arabism. Arab states, he insisted, do not need "Communism, fascism, foreign capitalism or liberalism." Instead, they are capable of forming a united force that could easily become the third great world power. One step toward this goal, Gaddafi said, would be to overthrow King Hussein of Jordan and King Hassan of Morocco, just as he and fellow officers 2½ years ago toppled Libya's King Idris. Radio Cairo helpfully broadcast the speech all over the Middle East.

Gaddafi is a dedicated pan-Arab in the Nasser tradition, but where Nasser swayed the Arab masses with his personality, Gaddafi supplies cash. Libya's annual oil income is \$2.4 billion; the money comes in almost faster than Gaddafi can spend it, but no one can accuse him of not trying. In impulsive, mysterious ways, Gaddafi hands it out to some of the political visitors who are understandably streaming into the Libyan capital nowadays.

Palestine Praise. One apparent beneficiary is a fellow Moslem, General Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin Dada of Uganda, whose army and air force were trained by Israeli military advisers, and whose country has received \$25 million worth of Israeli aid and credits. Two months ago, after a fruitless mission to Tel Aviv in search of \$10 million additional cash aid, Amin stopped off in Tripoli—aboard an Israeli-provided executive jet. Big Daddy emerged from conferences with Gaddafi to praise "the just struggle of the Palestinian people." After reportedly receiving a promise of \$26 million from Libya once the Israelis were out of his country, Amin followed with ordered the military advisers to leave. Last week he made the break complete by abrogating aid programs, ordering the Israeli embassy to close down, and advising all 470 Israelis in Uganda to make plans for immediate departure.

Other Africans besides Amin are also beholden to Gaddafi. Libya is arming and training Moslem separatists in neighboring Chad and sending weapons to Eritrean rebels fighting Haile Selassie ("a lackey of Israel"). It has supplied guns to Guinea and money to Upper Volta, Mauritania and Niger. Libya also provides yearly subsidies of \$125 million to Egypt and \$45 million to Syria, with which it is joined in a new Federation of Arab Republics, and is a principal financial angel of the Palestinian guerrilla movement. More than 300 Libyan soldiers are serving with the fedayeen; five of them were killed and 16 wounded when Israeli troops invaded Lebanon in February to flush out the guerrillas.

Still another new admirer of Gaddafi is Pakistan's President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, who recently renamed the stadium in Lahore Muammar Gaddafi Stadium in gratitude for Libyan assistance—reportedly including the loan of U.S.-built F-5 fighters—to Moslem Pakistan during the war with India last December. Socialist Prime Minister Dom Mintoff of predominantly Roman Catholic Malta is also in on Gaddafi's personal foreign aid program. Because Gaddafi saw Mintoff's battle with Britain over a new lease for military bases on Malta (see *International Notes*) as a struggle against imperialism, the Libyan leader last December volunteered \$12 million in loans to strengthen Mintoff's hand.

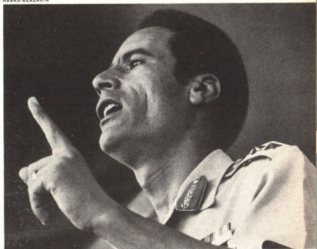
Until recently, little of Libya's vast wealth trickled down to the nation's 1.8 million people, 35% of whom are illiterate Bedouins. Gaddafi, a Bedouin who grew up in a desert tent, has now decided to help them by turning Libya into an instant industrial state. So far, he has decreed that 40 new industries must be launched, ranging from clothing and pharmaceuticals to steel tubing and petrochemicals. To the delight of European suppliers, Libya has ordered \$180 million worth of cement, shoe and glass factories from West Germany, a \$50 million power plant from France, and other major equipment from Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland. Gaddafi is unimpressed by evidence that the highly automated plants will provide fewer than 5,000 new jobs—the most exacting of which will undoubtedly have to be filled by the army of technicians he has imported from Egypt—and that many of the made-in-Libya products will cost ten times more than comparable imports.

Gaddafi mysteriously disappeared from sight for a time last year, and there are rumors that he suffers bouts of severe depression. But he remains firmly

in charge of the youthful (average age: 28) clique of officers who overthrew Idris; in addition to being chief of state, he holds no fewer than nine titles—including Prime Minister, Defense Minister and commander in chief of the 22,000-man armed forces. Practically speaking, he has no opposition among the introspective, lethargic Libyan people, except perhaps at the University of Libya in Tripoli. Gaddafi stalked off in a towering rage not long ago, after students there disputed his explanations of Libya's mercurial foreign policy.

Night Tours. He takes an intensely personal role in seeing that Libya remains faithful to Islam. Adopting the custom of Haroun al-Rashid, the Libyan leader likes to disguise himself and take night tours of Tripoli to make sure that Koranic laws are being obeyed. He has personally closed down nightclubs whose acts he thought lewd. Last July

ABDAS BENZAZEN



GADDAFI LECTURING LIBYANS
Money is the policy.

he took an incognito look-in at a noisy Wiener roast for the teen-age children of U.S. oil-company personnel to make certain that no alcohol was being served and that no Libyans were present.

In a display of frugality, the colonial tools about Tripoli in a Volvo or Land Rover, but he recently publicly chided a slumdweller earning \$2.80 a day for not building his family a better house. Gaddafi was married in 1969 to the daughter of an army officer, with Nasser as witness. He later divorced her and married a nurse he met while hospitalized with appendicitis; he has never seen a son by that first marriage. One reason for his impulsiveness and eccentricity, apparently, is that the handsome, introspective Libyan soldier sees the world through the tunnel vision of a True Believer. "My life is clear," he announced not long ago. "I am married. I pray and fast and perform my duties as a Moslem believer. I don't smoke or drink, and I read the Koran whenever I have the chance, especially at time of prayer. What else is there?"

TURKEY

No Surrender

"Surrender! Surrender!" shouted the Turkish commando colonel through a loudspeaker. The only answer from the small band of terrorists who were holed up in a shack near the mountainous Turkish village of Kizildere was a volley of gunfire and abuse. The guerrillas were members of a small extremist organization called the Turkish People's Liberation Army. Late last month, they had kidnaped three NATO radar technicians from a nearby Turkish air force base, and were holding them as hostages for the lives of three other terrorists who have been sentenced to die for the kidnaping-murder of an Israeli diplomat last year.

The government of Turkish Prime Minister Nihat Erim agreed to have a court review of the death sentence. In a daylong confrontation with the terrorists, Interior Minister Ferit Kubat tried to talk them into surrendering. Finally, the guerrillas shoved one hostage in front of a window. "These fellows won't listen to anything," he cried. "They are going to kill us."

He was right. One hour later, while some of the terrorists created a diversion by firing on the surrounding troops and tossing out hand grenades, others coldly executed the three hostages—John Law, 25, a Canadian, and two Britons, Gordon Banner, 35, and Charles Turner, 45. Moments later 800 Turkish troops opened fire on the shack with rockets, rifles and tear gas. Ten terrorists died in the fusillade; the only survivor was later captured by police.

In a display of sympathy for the gunned-down terrorists, Marxist groups set off bombs in Istanbul, and university students in Ankara boycotted classes. The Turkish army proceeded to round up 40 suspected guerrilla ring-leaders. So far, in a crackdown on left-wing terrorism, nearly 1,500 people have been arrested or placed on trial. Last week's shootout seemed likely to make that crackdown even tougher.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Courting the 800,000

In no small way, the fate of South Viet Nam has long hinged on the fortunes of the restless, landless peasants whose rebellion against an intolerable feudal way of life was one of the original causes of the war. In the 1950s, the Viet Cong cut a wide swath through the Vietnamese countryside by importing Ho Chi Minh's formula of routing the landlords and distributing "land to the tiller." Today, the leading advocate of Ho's thesis is none other than President Nguyen Van Thieu.

Two years after its belated inaugural, the Saigon government's widely praised land-reform program is well un-



THIEU AT AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION
The formula was Ho Chi Minh's.

der way. More than 470,000 of 800,000 farming families have been awarded titles to 1,560,000 acres of land, mostly private tracts that they had previously tilled as tenant farmers. At year's end, farming by landless tenant families will have virtually ceased in South Viet Nam. That means, as Thieu said last week at a Farmer's Day celebration at Bien Hoa, "a new way of life, a prosperous and dignified life."

Free Land. Before the current land reform, U.S. studies had ranked South Viet Nam among the world's four worst areas in terms of peasant landlessness, that classic precondition for rural insurrection.* As much as 58% of the rural population lived a hand-to-mouth existence as tenant farmers—a higher level of landlessness than in pre-revolutionary China, Russia or Cuba.

In the Mekong Delta, where 80% of South Viet Nam's rice is grown, seven out of ten families were tenants, paying 30% or more of their income to the landlords for their land, seed and the use of a buffalo. Typical of the tenants was Tran Van Cau, 42, a farmer in the Delta village of Tan Loc. For ten years, Cau had tilled a small 41-acre tract; he paid rent first to a local landlord, then for six years to the Viet Cong, then to the original landlord, who moved back after government troops "pacified" the village in 1968. Today, Cau serves only his own family of six. He keeps the title to his land, rolled in protective plastic, tucked away in a cranny of his small house.

Any tenant farmer who can show that he is tilling a piece of land is en-

titled to take free possession of it, up to certain limits (7.5 acres in the vast Delta, 2½ acres in land-poor central South Viet Nam). Landlords are allowed to retain a maximum of 30 acres provided they work the land themselves or hire wage laborers. For acreage claimed by tenants, landowners are being compensated in bonds and cash, payments spread out over an eleven-year period; the U.S. Treasury will pick up at least 75% of the \$727 million total bill.

Unhappily, Thieu's plan may be about 15 years late. During the 1950s, when the Diem regime was merely toying with land reform, the Viet Cong perfected a crude but effective program of their own. Landlords were simply driven to the safety of the cities, their farms were handed over to "liberated" peasants who often willingly gave their sons to Viet Cong recruiters—at a rate of up to 7,000 a month in the mid-1960s. If local allegiance to the Communists lapsed, it was often renewed later when, in towns newly pacified by U.S. troops, the old landlords rolled up in South Vietnamese army Jeeps to repossess their lands.

On the Fence. Thieu's program has had its share of problems. Soldiers grumble that they cannot get into the program because they are unable to till land while they are in the army. Landlords complain that government compensation is slow. Ultimate success depends on the ability of the Saigon government to provide military security; a test of that ability loomed last week, as North Vietnamese forces around the Demilitarized Zone and in the central highlands launched a series of attacks that could be the prelude to the long-awaited Communist offensive.

More subtly, there are doubts about what will follow the old landlord system. For all their faults, Vietnamese landlords were traditionally a buffer between their tenants and the whims and avarice of Vietnamese officialdom. In some areas, officials seeking kickbacks have forced poor tenants off lands near roads and villages in order to make room for wealthier farmers better able to offer bribes for the choice titles.

"All land reform is going to do is push the guy sitting on the fence toward the government," notes Jack Riggs, an American adviser. The corollary is that, poorly managed, a reform program can also force the guy back into the hands of the hungry V.C. recruiter. But there is one good indication that Thieu is pushing in the right direction: the Viet Cong have mounted a vigorous propaganda campaign against his program.

*The other three areas: Java, northeastern Brazil and Central Luzon, breeding ground of the Philippines' Huk terrorists.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Burning Issues

King Hussein himself was at the controls last week when his Royal Jordanian Airline 707 touched down in Washington. The landing was professionally smooth, and so too were his discussions at the White House, where the King briefed President Nixon on his proposal to turn Jordan and the occupied West Bank into a United Arab kingdom of semiautonomous regions after peace is negotiated with Israel.

Initially Hussein had hoped that the unity proposal would become an issue in the Israeli-sponsored municipal elections that took place on the West Bank last week, and that candidates supporting him would be elected. As it turned out, most incumbent mayors were returned to office without having to declare themselves, and the burning

The Savior

Prime Minister Dom Mintoff was hailed as "*Is-Salvatur ta' Malta*" (Malta's savior) last week as he returned home to a celebration with waving flags, palm fronds and giant portraits of himself. Even Mintoff's enemies had to agree with his boast that he had won a "great victory." After nine months of will-he-or-won't-he negotiations with Britain, he had finally signed an agreement extending for another seven years Britain's right to use Malta as a naval base. Mintoff did not get the \$72 million in annual rent that he had originally demanded, but he did get a handsome \$36.4 million—about three times what Malta received before Mintoff started setting deadlines for British withdrawal.

The real hero was Italy's ambassador in London, Raimondo Manzini, who helped to arrange a new formula under which Italy, West Germany, Belgium, The Netherlands and the U.S. will share with Britain the rental costs of the British base on Malta. Other NATO powers will not be able to use the island—unless, of course, they are prepared to part with additional baksheesh—but they at least won't have to provide military facilities for members of the Warsaw Pact.

Manzini had made a bet of a bottle of champagne with Lord Carrington, the British Defense Minister, that a settlement would be reached. Manzini collected his bottle, but the price of the new agreement to his government will run to more than \$50 million over the next seven years. Last week at the signing ceremony in London, glasses of champagne were duly raised in a toast to the successful completion of the negotiations; Lord Carrington left his glass untouched.

As for the victorious Mintoff, he tossed off a few angry words about British "settlers" (*i.e.*, residents) on Malta, and then flew off to Peking. There he intended to discuss "diplomatic and economic matters," presumably meaning foreign aid.

A Few Red Ghosts

The right-wing government of Bolivia announced last week that 119 people attached to the Soviet embassy in La Paz were being asked to leave the country. What were so many Russians doing in La Paz in the first place? Well, some technicians had been giving the Bolivians advice on oil and mining, and one man had been serving as conductor of the national symphony orchestra. But what else? Bolivian officials unmistakably implied that the Russians had also been financing leftist terrorist activity. The matter, said Foreign Minister Mario Gutiérrez was "a question of sovereignty."

The Soviet embassy had been allowed to grow indiscriminately during

the left-wing regime of President Juan José Torres, who was overthrown last August in a coup led by his successor, Hugo Bánzer Suárez. But not quite as indiscriminately, it seems, as the Bolivians thought. At week's end, the Soviets insisted that the embassy's total head count, including families, came to only 92. "A few Red ghosts will have to be invented," one Russian diplomat concluded, "if we are to comply with the government's request."

After Golda, Abba?

The early-form choice for Premier of Israel after Golda Meir steps down next year was Pinhas Sapir, 64, the hardfisted Finance Minister and boss of the ruling Labor Party machine. But Sapir has had a series of personal misfortunes—the death of his wife a few months ago, the illness of a favorite grandson, major stomach surgery—and is known to be reconsidering his political future.

So too is a relative newcomer to Israel's internal political wars: Foreign Minister Abba Eban, 57. Newly admitted to the inner circle of the Labor Party's *zameret* (elite), the mellifluous-voiced diplomat has begun to soften his heavily scarred image. He recently allowed himself to be photographed with his attractive blonde wife Suzy at the Suez Canal, wearing an almost shockingly informal tieless dark shirt. A dove in the past, he has begun to adopt a more hawkish—and thus more popular—stance on some issues. To match his new style, he has recruited a small new staff of politically savvy assistants. Sapir, meanwhile, has passed the word around that if he decides not to run next year, Eban would make a fine candidate for the premiership.

TIELESS EBAN & WIFE AT SUEZ CANAL

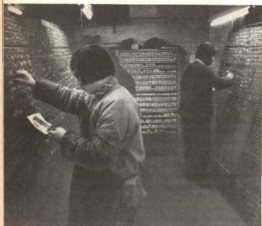
HUSSEIN AT THE CONTROLS
Smooth landing.

issues proved to be garbage collection and improvement of water supplies. Hussein nevertheless got a careful hearing in Washington, where the White House allowed that the two leaders' meeting had been "very cordial." Any stronger endorsement of the King's plan, as both sides knew, would condemn it in the eyes of other Arab states, which already suspect Hussein's dealings with Israel.

The extent of U.S. approbation was made clear in other ways. Military aid to Jordan was increased \$10 million, to \$55 million, and it included M-16 rifles that Hussein had asked for together with needed tanks for his armored forces. The Pentagon did, however, turn down Hussein's request for F-4 Phantom jets, which the U.S. supplies to Israel. It suggested that the Jordanian air force, with limited missions, might do better with the less sophisticated F-5s and F-104 Starfighters.



YOUTHS BOATING ON NANKING LAKE



TYPESETTERS AT WEN HUI PAO



AUTO WORKERS WITH SHANGHAI SEDAN
With tender loving care.

CHINA

Reporter's Second Looks

After the grand spectacle and the initial glimpses of China that came with Richard Nixon's trip, a few American reporters have had a chance for second thoughts, second looks—and new looks—at the country's less familiar phenomena. TIME Correspondent Jerrold L. Schecter, one of two U.S. newsmen who were allowed to remain in China after the Peking summit ended, took a twelve-day journey through the land of Mao. Herewith some of Schecter's observations, accompanied by an album of his photographs:

Homemade Industry

The Tunghing People's Commune near Nanking has a farm implements workshop where homemade steel is produced for tractor harrow blades. Even though the Nanking Iron and Steel Works plant is less than five miles away, the commune insisted on making its own steel as part of the drive for self-reliance.

This may seem like absurd duplication, but the Chinese today are less interested in rationalizing their resources in an economic way than in developing industry and self-sufficiency. The results of this urge to do it themselves are often impressive. At the Shanghai Shipyard, for instance, 10,000-ton freighters are being constructed on berths originally designed to hold ships one-third the size. By using automatic welding machines to prefabricate sections and then moving the sections into place with Chinese-designed cranes, the yard has cut building time on a ship from one year to seven months.

Another example of China's industrial ingenuity is the Shanghai Watch Factory, which was founded in 1955 with a staff of 55 workers. The first trial watches lost a minute and a half each day. Today the factory employs 3,600 people who turn out 2.4 million watches a year, which lose, I was told, less than 30 seconds a day. Although some lathes are imported from Switzerland, most of the delicate watchmaking tools are now made in China.

An even more impressive example of China's industrial leap forward is the Shanghai Automobile Factory, which produces two-ton trucks and the Shanghai model sedan. There is no assembly line. Clusters of workers carry pieces to autos being assembled, which cranes then move along to another pile of parts in the factory. Last year the plant turned out 2,900 trucks and only 500 cars, in accordance with a quota set by the First Ministry of Machine Building. The cars, though, look well made and appear to be assembled with tender loving care. By American standards the styling is stodgy, since the last model change was made in 1964. But the factory is working on a bigger, wider model of the

Shanghai sedan, which still will not have automatic transmission—a piece of machinery that the Chinese have yet to master.

One reason why auto technology lags behind is the fact that Soviet technicians who helped build the plant left the country in 1960, and have not been replaced. "The Russians offered us only reverse aid," says Liang Wen-chan, a member of the factory's Revolutionary Committee. "They said we could only make toy cars here, and they took their plans with them when they left."

In most of the factories I visited, the workers—whose average pay was 60 yuan (\$27.27) a month—had not received raises in at least seven years. "Workers are not concerned about their salaries," Liang told me. "They want to reduce the wage differential between the city and the countryside. If people in one factory make more money than others, then they are not really serving the people." Despite the lack of financial incentive, the workers appeared content. The plants are generally clean and the pace of work intense but measured. There are periodic breaks for tea, food and exercise during the eight-hour day. At one Shanghai machine-tool plant, I saw a woman nurse moving among the lathes, distributing vitamins and asking the workers if they had any physical complaints.

Wherever I went, I asked about importing foreign technology and new equipment. Invariably the answer was a quotation from Chairman Mao about the need for self-reliance, and the half-proud, half-apologetic explanation that "yes, we have many shortcomings. We have to learn from the advanced countries—but first we have to consider the local situation."

Literature in Service

The Cultural Revolution of 1966-69 was a form of shock therapy prescribed by Mao to maintain revolutionary momentum. This traumatic exercise in self-criticism had its most pronounced effect on China's intellectual life. In Nanking, I talked with three writers—two novelists and a poet. In the past five years they have published nothing except for criticisms of revolutionary operas for local newspapers. They are still "studying" in order to carry out Mao's dictum that "all our literature and art are for the masses." Teng Feng-chang, 42, who published three novels and two collections of short stories before the Cultural Revolution, says: "We spend a lot of time going down to the factories, the mines and the countryside to get the feel of the people. Otherwise, what can we write about?"

Even though he has not published anything since 1967, Teng continues to draw his monthly pay of 110 yuan

THE WORLD

(\$55) as a writer. He is currently studying revolutionary operas in hopes of writing one himself. He is also rewriting some of his earlier works, which include a collection of tales for children that sold 210,000 copies, to portray his heroes and heroines in the proper proletarian manner. "Some of our work needs to be rewritten and repolished," he said. "The times keep progressing, and our thinking must keep progressing." Teng is familiar with the major Russian works of the Lenin and Stalin eras, as well as with such writers as Chekhov, Pushkin, Hemingway, Mark Twain and Walt Whitman. But he had never heard of Alexander Solzhenitsyn, or of any contemporary American novelists.

He believes, with Mao, that "literature must serve proletarian politics." He likes Chekhov because of his descriptions of ordinary people—"But of course they do not compare with revolutionary opera, which depicts workers, peasants and soldiers heroically." Teng also believes that the Cultural Revolution has enabled him and his colleagues to do a better job of depicting the heroes of today. "We hope," he said, "that some of our new work will be published by next year."

Sex and the State

To a visitor from the West, the Chinese attitude toward sex is confusing. At first it seems as if there is no interest in it at all. Baggy unisex clothing deemphasizes the shape of the body, and in three weeks I did not see a single woman wearing a skirt or a dress. In Peking and Shanghai department stores, though, there was a wide array of skin creams at toiletries counters. At the Shanghai Industrial Exhibition, I asked a girl guide who used all the perfumes and lipsticks—in twelve shades of pink, purple-red and orange—that were on display. She giggled and said that they were for export. Later, a male member of the exhibit's revolutionary committee explained that "Chinese girls like natural beauty."

I saw many extremely attractive, vibrant young women in China, several of them working on such unfeminine jobs as operating lathes in machine shops. Like beautiful girls everywhere, they acknowledge an admiring glance with a knowing smile. In the Shanghai Shipyard, I stopped to talk with a tall, clear-skinned girl carrying two heavy drills. After a few preliminary questions about her job, I asked if she was married yet. "That's rather personal," she parried. Then she answered with a laugh: "No, not yet."

Premarital sex is taboo in China, and the expression of love and affection is extremely restrained. You rarely see boys and girls together, although there were a few couples strolling on Chungshan Road along the Whangpoo River in Shanghai. Boy meets girl at school or on the job, or at a people's culture palace. All the Chinese men I met said



NANKING MILITIA ON YANGTZE RIVER BRIDGE. BELOW, CHILDREN AT TARGET PRACTICE.



THE WORLD

that that was where they had met their wives. They laughed when I asked them if they ever said "I love you" to their wives. "That is not necessary," answered the editor of a Shanghai newspaper. "We understand those things without having to speak them."

Still, sex is acknowledged in China. Wherever I traveled there were gynecological sections in the hospitals attached to communes and factories, dispensing free birth control pills and providing low-cost abortions. Maternity wards were basic but seemed adequate. Women usually get a 50-day maternity leave and stay one week in the hospital after childbirth. But they are up on their feet after the first day, I was told. "For a woman who works in the field, having a baby is no problem," explained a doctor at the Hsuhang commune, which had just completed a new extension to its 130-bed hospital.

Traditionally in China, sons were desired as heirs and daughters thought worthless. "We have changed our attitudes about having sons," said Yu Shih-teh, my interpreter in Shanghai. "Now the state provides for our old age, and we no longer look to our children to care for us." Asked what career aspirations they held for their sons, Chinese invariably answered that "the choice is up to the state. Whatever will serve the state will be good for my child."

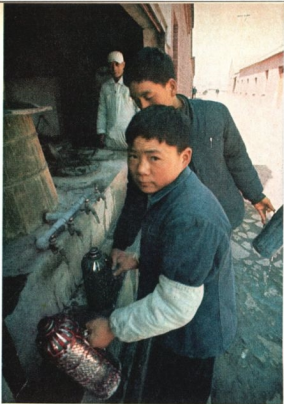
"Barefoot Journalists"

The building that houses the Shanghai daily *Wen Hui Pao* (Literary Gazette) is a ponderous prewar Western-style structure, with worn marble steps leading up to its impressive entrance and shabby inside corridors. But that is about all that a Western newspaperman might find familiar about China's most fervently Maoist paper.

On a visit one day I found an editor setting type in the composing room. To freshen their "labor experience," all the editors and reporters put their pencils aside one day each week to hand set type, sweep up or bundle papers with straw rope as they roar off *Wen Hui Pao*'s seven Chinese-made high-speed presses. Once a year staffers pack off for a month of regenerative toil at a machine-tool factory or on a farm. In the office, they regularly play host to groups of 20 or 30 peasants or mill hands who are brought in for a crash course in newspapering, then sent back to their jobs as "barefoot journalists," on-the-scene amateur correspondents. Explains Shen Kuo-chiang, 47, the paper's intense editor: "We are tempered in the countryside."

For years after it began publication in 1938, *Wen Hui Pao* was cherished among students and intellectuals as the most radical, most controversial—and best-written—political journal in China. Since 1965, when it published the first ideological broadsides that helped launch Mao's struggle to unhorse his conservative opponents by means of the Cultural Revolution, it has been

continued



DRAWING HOT WATER AT TUNGCHING COMMUNE IN NANKING.

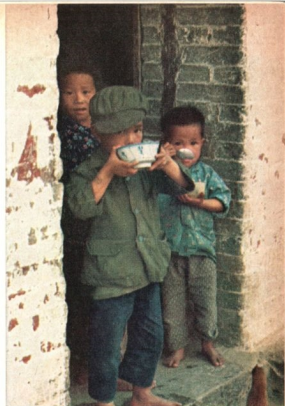


TEAM OF COMMUNE WORKERS POUNDS THE EARTH FOR YANGTZE RIVER IRRIGATION PROJECT.

FARMER AND WIFE DISPLAY NEW BEDROOM AT SHANGHAI'S HSUANG COMMUNE.



POURING STEEL TO MAKE HARROW BLADES AT FOUNDRY OF TUNGCHING COMMUNE.



YOUNGSTERS EAT SUPPER AT CANTON COMMUNE.





GIRLS OPERATING AUTOMATIC WELDING MACHINE IN SHANGHAI SHIPYARD, WHERE 10,000-TON FREIGHTERS ARE BUILT.



WELL-PADDED ARMY RECRUITS USE RUBBER-TIPPED WEAPONS AT BAYONET PRACTICE.

NANKING PEOPLE'S MILITIA UNIT WITH 82-MM. MORTARS AND LIVE SHELLS.



THE WORLD

—more than any other Chinese journal—the voice of the Chairman and his wife Chiang Ching. It has been harder on the Soviets than other Chinese publications, and signals ideological shifts through its interpretations of revolutionary operas.

The paper's circulation (cheap at 2¢ a copy), which was barely 140,000 in pre-Cultural Revolution days, has swelled to 800,000. Shen, who is the top-salaried employee (at \$42 a month), heads a policymaking Revolutionary Committee that includes party cadres, soldiers and peasants as well as pressmen, typesetters and editors. Day-to-day operations are run by Shen and his bright young deputy Wang Chun-lung, 32, who worked in an enamelware plant before he came to journalism. At 7 every evening, the paper's twelve top editors gather for story conference in a room hung with portraits of Mao, Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin. Page One of the four-page layout is devoted to domestic affairs; there is a page for Shanghai area news, one for the study of Marxism-Leninism and one for international news, all of which comes off the New China News Agency ticker.

The editors schedule "investigative reports"—not Jack Anderson jobs, but pieces on, say, how the Shanghai Number One Commercial Bureau persisted in their study of Mao Thought. Even though it meant that their morning paper might not be out until afternoon—a not unusual occurrence—the editors decided to hold open for a late picture of Prince Sihanouk returning to Shanghai from a trip to Hanoi.

Do the editors feel an obligation to lay bare the errors of officials? "Yes," came the reply from around the conference table. Well, how had *Wen Hui Pao* handled the recent power struggles in Peking? "We're not very clear about that," smiled Wang Chun-lung. "We have nothing to comment."

Contrast with Russia

China has a sense of vitality that is not found in the Soviet Union. Russia, which I toured extensively as TIME's Moscow correspondent from 1968 to 1970, is a classless society with a privileged elite. In China, by contrast, everyone is poor together. There are no private cars, no summer dachas, no resorts for key bureaucrats or favored intellectuals. Instead, there is a drab, intense and self-absorbed society, where workers, peasants and soldiers appear to be running everything from schools to shipyards with only barely perceptible social gradations. The leader of the Revolutionary Committee in a Nanking fertilizer plant does not seem to be depressed that all he has to show for his exalted status is the wooden floor he has in lieu of the usual cold, raw concrete slab in his flat.

Russia and China have endless superficial differences and similarities. For instance, one does not find public drunkenness in China—an everyday

sight in the Soviet Union. It seems strange to a visitor that the one vice that thrives in a spartan socialist land devoted to physical fitness is addiction to tobacco. Chain-smoking cigarettes seems to be one of the few licit tokens of individual prosperity in China. Stores feature Panda pipe tobacco and three kinds of cigars; the Great Wall brand is favored by Chairman Mao.

Soviet society is increasingly bourgeois. By contrast, the Chinese are devoid of luxuries; they do not have motor scooters and are far behind the Russians in refrigerators and television sets (which in China are still mostly owned by communes, factories and other organized groups). But China is ahead of the Russians in some material areas, especially those not requiring modern, heavy industry. The quality and variety of many consumer goods in Shanghai's Number One Department Store exceed that found in Moscow's massive



CHINESE WOMAN FACTORY WORKER
Restraint and hesitancy.

GUM. Food (a Chinese fixation) seems to be more plentiful than in the Soviet Union, especially fresh vegetables, meat and poultry. At dusk, the outskirts of Shanghai begin to look like one vast, endless vegetable market as peasants, by barge and handcart, bring their harvests to market.

Beneath the enthusiasm evident all over China the visitor senses an almost palpable current of restraint and hesitancy—a whiff, perhaps, of the kind of fretful, nervous caution that pervaded Russia during the Stalin era. There is an echo of Stalinism in the prevalence of the cult of Mao, which overwhelms the visitor. The country seems slightly shocked, as if only recently emerged from daze therapy. There is a visible effort to blend in, not to be singled out because of deviant actions or opinions.

The price of China's advances, in short, has been a conformity and group discipline that would be beyond belief in the West. It is far more rigid than anything to be encountered in the Soviet Union.

SOVIET UNION

Having What to Learn

Last year more than 7,000 Soviet citizens visited the U.S.—many of them armed with the official *Russian-English Phrasebook*, now in its third printing by Moscow's Foreign Literature Publishing House. Far from bridging the communications gap between East and West, this vade mecum is sure to cause confusion if not some international incidents.

The core of the communication problem is contained in three preliminary sentences that the phrasebook recommends to Russian tourists: "I don't know English. I know no other language except my native tongue. The study of foreign languages is greatly developed in our country." On his arrival, the Soviet visitor may be asked how he enjoyed his Aeroflot flight to the U.S. If so, he can be expected to reply: "Flying in the TU-114, I felt myself excellently." After his long journey, he clearly requires strong drink and a hearty meal. A profound cultural misunderstanding may be provoked, though, if a thirsty Russian asks, "In which saloon is the Folk Arts Exhibition?" Later, in a restaurant, he may turn to the waiter and say: "Please give me curds, sweet cream, fried chicks, pulled bread and one jelly fish."

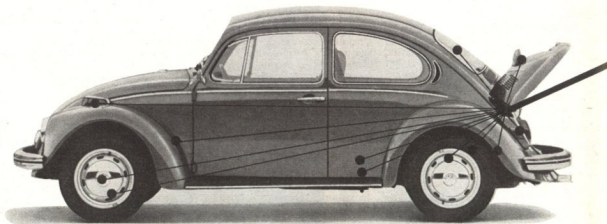
Must I Undress? Inevitably, the tourist falls sick. At the doctor's, he is likely to complain of "a poisoning, a noseache, an eye-pain or quinsy," followed by a plaintive "Must I undress?" The best remedy may be fresh air. How about a tour of an American farm? The Russian is naturally interested in the workings of the capitalist agricultural system. "Is this a private windmill?" he asks. "What are the peasants in the county chiefly preoccupied with?"

Since consumer goods are scarce at home, Russian tourists are always bent on shopping. However eager to please, Saks Fifth Avenue is bound to be stumped by requests for "a ladies' worsted-nylon swimming pants." Salesmen at sporting goods stores will be equally bemused by: "Do you suggest a gun with a rubber or spring spear?" And how are the stylists at a beauty salon to comply with such requests as "make me a hair-dress," "sprinkle my head," or, God forbid, "I want my hair frizzled?"

Fortunately the language of international trade is universal—or is it? Take these consecutive sentences, suggested by the phrasebook. "Whose invention is this? When was this invention patented? This is a Soviet invention." A more forthright approach is manifested by: "Show us your devices for outer space research work. How powerful is this reactor? Show me a working diagram of the reactor."

Indeed, as the phrasebook says, "our peoples have what to learn from each other."

**A car so advanced, it can
tell you just about
everything that's right
or wrong with it.**



Remarkable new invention in every 1972 Volkswagen.

We've all been through it.

The agony of an automotive check-up.

You sit nervously thumbing through old magazines, praying that somehow you can get out of there for less than \$50.

Then, the moment of truth:

A Service Manager telling you that one of his best mechanics thinks you need a new generator.

Those days will be over soon if you own a 1972 Volkswagen.

For instead of a mechanic telling you what he thinks is wrong with your car, now your car can tell you for sure.

Sound amazing?

It is.

A car wired like a space capsule.

When Man went to the Moon, the success of each mission depended a great deal on a highly technical computerized system that told the Astronauts the exact condition of their space vehicle.

A similar system is now built into every 1972 Volkswagen.

The system in the car.

Running throughout the car is a network of sensors, each reporting the condition of various parts of the car.

Most of these sensor points are located in key areas like the engine or the electrical system, but many are found in seemingly insignificant places like the heated rear window.

The information from all areas is channeled to one central socket located in the rear engine compartment.

The socket is about the size of a pack of cigarettes.

We mention the size only because of what happens next. And that's what this amazing socket can do.

60 vital service checks.

Soon you'll be able to take any 1972 Volkswagen into an authorized VW dealership for the most advanced automotive check-up in the world today.

At that time, your car will actually be plugged into a computer.

And in half the time it takes to perform a conventional check-up, 60 vital service checks will be made and recorded.

Checks wheel alignment in 10 seconds.

In 10 seconds, you'll know if your front wheels are properly aligned.

In a minute, you'll know the condition of the compression of all engine cylinders.

Without a mechanic so much as taking a peek, you'll know whether or not your battery needs water.

Ignition, cylinder compression, dwell angle, generator, electrical system—

All checked out without human error.

In effect, your car will be telling you how it feels directly.

And once again, this information is emanating from that one tiny socket built into the back of every 1972 Volkswagen.

Results printed out in plain English.

One-half of the system is already here. Built into every new Volkswagen.

The other half, the computer, is on its way.

Imagine.

A computer five feet away from your car is printing out in plain English just about everything that's right or wrong with that car.

When all 60 service checks have been made, the print-out sheet is yours to keep.

What better proof to show that your automobile has finally had a thorough physical check-up?

A new way to look at a VW.

It started with economy, back in 1949, when it wasn't fashionable for an automobile to be economical.

But since when has a VW been fashionable? Since never.

Obviously, the Volkswagen Beetle hasn't made it on looks alone.

But then, that's always been the plan.

While everyone else has been worrying about how their cars looked, we've been worrying about how ours acted.

And now, after all that time, we've even advanced it to a stage where it can speak.





FEUDING: EINSTEIN & SISTER

Aggression is a biologically based characteristic of man, **Albert Einstein** wrote in an essay at the age of 36. His younger sister would certainly have agreed. In a biography of her famous brother soon to be published, along with other personal and some technical papers, by the Princeton University Press, the late **Maja Winteler-Einstein** tells about the prodigy's terrible temper, which caused his whole face—minus the tip of his nose—to turn yellow. Albert frightened off a violin teacher by throwing a chair at her, hurled a bowling ball at his sister, and in one fit of rage tried to "knock a hole" in her head with a toy trowel. "It is doubtless evident," wrote the harried Maja, "that a healthy skull is a necessity for the sister of a thinker."

Paul du Feu, 36, British *Cosmo's* April centerfold pinup (with air-brushed navel), construction worker and estranged husband of Feminist Author **Germaine Greer**, was in Manhattan to line up a publisher. He wants to write a book about "liberation from liberation. I like romance, and I want to write about how it is an aphrodisiac," he explained. As for Women's Lib, "It's just another form of puritanism. I think it makes life rather dull."

For at least a year everyone has been asking, and Actress-Singer **Diahann Carroll** and **David Frost** have been answering: "We don't believe in engagements—we believe in happiness." Last week in London, Diahann pulled off a glove to flash a ruby solitaire on her engagement finger. Naturally, reporters were on hand to ask the familiar question. "We are having a super time together," David said helpfully.

"Now look what that pinko fluff-head's gone and done." If Archie Bunker greeted the news like that, who could blame him? When *All in the Family* finished taping for the season, **Sally Struthers**, who plays Archie's daughter, Gloria, went off to be a bank robber's lap doll in Sam Peckinpah's *The Getaway*. And if a starlet's going to make it, she's got to let folks know everything she's got. What Sally's got is nicely displayed by some horseplay in the new movie, which she describes as a modern-day version of *Bonnie and Clyde*. "I have to be a loose woman, a trampy Texas lady," explains Sally. "Put a lid on it," Archie must be grouching.

Black Panther Party Chairman **Blackby Seale**, the Chicago Eighth whose courtroom outbursts 2½ years ago caused him to be chained and gagged, has apparently mellowed. The word pig never crossed his lips when, shepherded by three bodyguards, he spoke to an audience of 4,000 in Oakland, Calif. Instead of suggesting armed rebellion, he

urged his listeners to take tests for sickle-cell anemia and to vote "for survival." In a move reminiscent of oldtime political bosses, he then distributed bags of food, each containing a frozen chicken. "Politicians used to promise momma a chicken in every pot," Seale said in a gravelly voice, "but we're producing it. If necessary, we'll open a free pot program to cook the chicken in."

When first she went to Kenya 20 years ago, **Elizabeth** was a princess and **Jomo** ("Burning Spear") **Kenyatta** was the underground leader of the Mau Mau, then waging a bloody war against Europeans in the British colony. It was during that visit that George VI died and Elizabeth became Queen of England. Last week she returned to Africa and met Kenyatta for the first time on Kenya soil. Now President of his country, Jomo gave the Queen his nation's highest award—the Order of the Golden Heart. Elizabeth responded by investing her host with the Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and—for an old warrior turned rose fancier—a silver flower bowl.

Losing control on a steep icy pitch of New Hampshire's Mount Tecumseh, where she was skiing with seven of her eleven children, **Ethel Kennedy** landed on her back. Her acrobatics caused boot-top fractures of two bones in her right leg, which were set by doctors at the lodge infirmary. Hardly worth mentioning, however, compared to the snap, crackle and pop of Motorcycle Daredevil **Evel Knievel**, who, by rough count, broke his 101st, 102nd, 103rd and 104th bones at the Michigan State Fairgrounds last week. The latest fracture of his collarbone and ribs will not, of course, deter Knievel from his scheduled motorcycle leap this week in Sacramento, Calif., where he aims to soar over a pit filled with cars, mountain lions and 100 rattlesnakes.

Last June **Frank Sinatra** announced his retirement from the world of show biz in characteristically theatrical fashion, crooning to a wet-eyed audience at a Los Angeles charity gala the last line from *Angel Eyes*: "Scuse me while I disappear." Well, maybe not quite yet. Sinatra's announced plans—to "write a little bit"—may be put off by his appearance in another film, a musical based on Antoine de Saint Exupéry's fairy tale, *The Little Prince*. The book is about a "little man" who convinces a pilot downed in the desert that life is worth living. The lure dangled before Sinatra is the pilot's role, a substantial salary and the chance to sing half a dozen songs written by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe. If Sinatra says yes, Paramount Pictures plans to release *The Little Prince* next Easter.



WOOGING: FROST & CARROLL



SHOOTING: STRUTHERS & HEAVY

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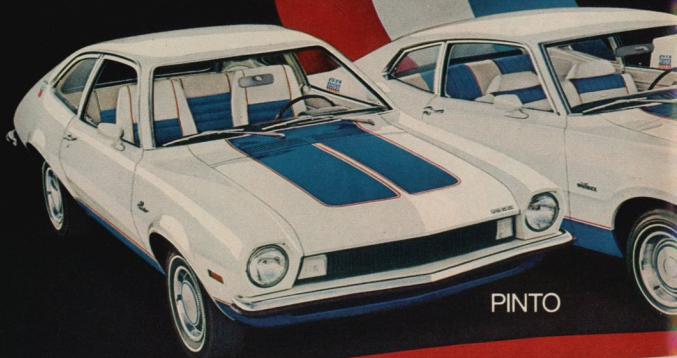
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Everyday Rituals

In a vintage joke about psychiatrists, an analyst scrutinizes a colleague who has just wished him good morning and ponders, "Now what did he mean by that?"

To University of Pennsylvania Sociologist Erving Goffman, that hoary punch line is a legitimate scientific query. In fact, Goffman has been asking—and answering—just such questions for years. He believes that greetings and goodbyes, congratulations and condolences, along with the other little ceremonies of daily life, serve serious purposes: they grease the wheels of social intercourse and help each person to create an acceptable image of himself in the eye of his fellows.

That is the gist of Goffman's newest book, *Relations in Public* (Basic Books; \$7.95). Its subject is microsociology, or group behavior on a small scale—as when people pass each other on the street or wait together at supermarket checkout counters. Such encounters, says Goffman, frequently consist of rituals: either "supportive interchanges" like "Hello" or "remedial interchanges" like "Excuse me." In each case, one person provides "a sign of connectedness to another," while the other shows "that the message has been received, that the affirmed relationship actually exists as the performer implies, that the performer has worth as a person, and that the recipient has an appreciative, grateful nature."

Among the most common of such interchanges are "rituals of ratification" intended to assure someone whose status has changed that old relationships will continue as before. These include congratulations at marriage, commiseration at divorce and condolences at death. Similar "reassurance displays" are also made on less momentous occasions. A teen-ager's friends will overreact to her new shoes: "Oh, let's see them. Oh, they're cute." In conversation, a remark from a bore, no matter how stupefying, may force his companions "to give a sign that he is qualified to speak." A good thing too, says Goffman, for "without such mercies, unsatisfactory persons would bleed to death from the conversational savageries performed on them."

Enoch Arden. Goodbyes also spawn rites of support. Shallow shipboard friendships can safely end with promises to meet again; everyone knows the promises need not be kept. At farewell parties for friends moving to distant places, "high praise and substantial offerings can be accorded, since there will be no chance for this level of giving to be established as the norm."

Such parting rites have their dangers; they can become "spoiled rituals" if the departed guest comes back for

his forgotten umbrella, or if the transferred employee is reassigned to his old job. Then he and his well-wishers find they have participated "in an inappropriate statement, yet one that cannot be unsaid." The extreme example is "the Enoch Arden case in which a person returning unexpectedly finds not only that his place is no longer available to him, but that another person has filled it, thereby creating what may be worse than a sociological demise, namely, a sociological double."

In these cases, remedial interchanges are not of much use. But in less complicated situations they can help correct an impression of bad manners. A middle-class man who finds himself seated next to an "inferior" on a crowded bus "makes sure to present a bustling, purposeful air" when he gets off so that everyone understands he is no snob changing seats but just a man who has reached his destination.

There are other familiar examples of the nonverbal remedial ritual. To hide her embarrassment at having to go to the bathroom, a girl at a party sometimes uses broad swimming motions to cut her way through a knot of guests obstructing her route. In *Winnie-the-Pooh*, Piglet, out "hunting" with a friend, is startled by something innocuous and jumps involuntarily. To show he really isn't frightened he jumps up and down several more times in "an exercising sort of way."

To readers of Goffman, such behavior often recalls Eric Berne's *Games People Play*. Berne's games, however, are part of a neurotic search for emotional involvement, while Goffman's rituals represent only a normal attempt to save face. Because of this concentration on image making, some of Goffman's critics find him trivial and limited. "People just do not go around with

their attention constantly focused on how they are being regarded," objects Berkeley Sociologist Herbert Blumer. All the same, Blumer considers Goffman "an innovative scholar" who "can take human interplay which appears humdrum and show it to be intricate, dynamic and dramatic." Indeed, Goffman's work may be not so much social science as social commentary. In the words of one behavioral scientist, "Goffman is the waste of a good novelist."

Life Without the Tube

That addicts deprived of drugs suffer physical pain has been known for centuries. That human beings denied TV can experience psychological withdrawal symptoms has just been discovered. The finding was reported by the Society for Rational Psychology in Munich. Kicking TV cold turkey, says the German firm, can lead to moodiness, child spanking, wife beating, extramarital affairs and, at home, decreased interest in sex along with fewer orgasms.

The society asked 184 habitual viewers to renounce the tube for a year. At first they seemed happy to be free of it. They went to the movies three times as frequently as before, visited relatives and friends twice as often, and spent twice as much time reading and playing games. Before long, however, they felt a renewed urge to watch TV. Though the subjects were paid for every day of self-denial, one man resumed his habit after only three weeks. No one held out for more than five months.

What drove them back to the tube was mounting tension at work, at home and in bed. Quarreling and physical aggression increased. Before the sets were switched off, only 2% of the husbands had ever beaten their wives and only 58% of the parents had disciplined their children by slapping them. Afterward, however, the percentages rose to 5 and 66. With the TV on again, aggression decreased and sexual habits went back to normal—except that for a while, husbands and wives had a few more orgasms than they were used to and single people masturbated more than before.

None of this means that TV is either a tranquilizer or an aphrodisiac, cautions Psychologist Henner Ertel. In fact, the tube might well foster tension and dull sensuality in those who are unaccustomed to it. But among devotees, it may mask conflicts and even provide a last link between otherwise estranged couples. "With people who watch regularly," Ertel explains, "many behavior patterns become so closely related to TV that they are negatively influenced if one takes the set away. The problem is that of addiction."



SOLOGIST ERVING GOFFMAN



Palaces of the Mind

No artist ever possessed a city more ravenously than Giovanni Battista Piranesi did Rome. Generations of builders, from the anonymous creators of the Forum to Michelangelo and Bernini, set down that tawny palimpsest on the Tiber. It was left to a failed 18th century architect, who built one long-ignored church on the Aventine, to give the city its definitive shape: the word Piranesian, as a synonym for phantasmagoric grandeur, has entered the language of art. This month, a splendid exhibition of Piranesi's studies and engravings opened at Columbia University in Manhattan; its centerpiece is a set of 23 wash drawings for Piranesi's intended remodeling of San Giovanni in Laterano. These rare sketches cast a fresh light on the unique junction that Piranesi maintained between Baroque and Neoclassical architectural thought. But it is still Piranesi the fantasist and archivist, the obsessed historian with a burin, who holds the eye today. His testament is some 2,000 elaborate prints of antiquities, buildings, real or imaginary, sculptures and details, which he published between 1748 and his death in 1778.

Heroic Misinformation. Piranesi's graphic work may well be the most extraordinary monument to nostalgia in Western art. The ruins of Rome fascinated him when he arrived there from Venice at age 20; they were, he wrote, "the most perfect that architecture ever achieved." Their very size stunned him. It had to be met by what seemed to Piranesi a wholly truthful, if not perfectly realistic inflation of scale. "These speaking ruins have filled my spirit with images that accurate drawings, even such as those of the immortal Palladio,

could never have succeeded in conveying. . . ." So in his renderings, the modest stones of Hadrian's Tomb were translated into a crushing, megalithic rock pile that dwarfed the tatterdemalion beggars at its foot; such Roman monuments as the Pyramid of Cestius, which in real life is as inconspicuous as any pyramid can reasonably be, rivaled the Pyramid of Cheops in height and spread. This kind of heroic misinformation provoked some murmuring from English dilettanti who, arriving in Rome armed with nothing but their recollections of Piranesi's engravings, were disappointed by the city. But the point was made, the dream fixed. Moreover, it survived. There is a long history of architectural fantasy that runs to the

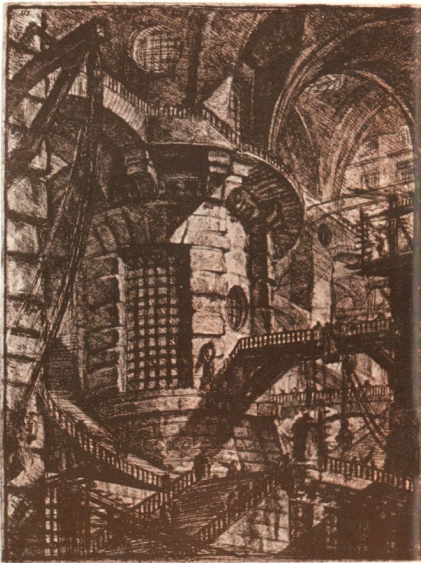
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grand biblical film sets of Griffith and De Mille from such preposterous imaginary views of antiquity as Piranesi's frontispiece for his book of drawings called *Magnificenze di Roma*. Every monument and fragment along the Appian Way, plus a few dozen that never existed, is jammed into it. The line between archaeological commitment and sheer mania was, in Piranesi, very thin.

It is said that Piranesi, at 22, caught malaria while preparing the *Magnificenze*; the outskirts of Rome were infested by mosquitoes, buzzing over the swamps, from which emerged, like dinosaur bones, the battered marble of ancient Rome. If this is so, it adds a facet to one's view of Piranesi's most famous suite, the *Carceri d'Invenzione* or "Imaginary Prisons," which he engraved in 1745. They are among the most potent dream images ever evoked. To call them precursors of Surrealism



FOUNDATIONS OF HADRIAN MAUSOLEUM



ETCHING OF VAULTED BUILDING WITH STAIRCASES FROM "CARCERI"

is to diminish their oneiric power, for their directness as statements about hallucination has not been equaled this century.

In these vast halls, where the galleries have no exit but only give way to more ramps, staircases and stone voids, a fearful obsession is at work—the experience of enclosure, of invisible watchers. Space, in the rest of Piranesi's work, is (for all its exaggerations) measurable. In the *Prisons* it is not. No imaginative effort can deduce a real building from these scribbled and echoing crypts, with their swinging cables, their proliferating vaults and huge iron grilles: one imagines Piranesi, gripped by some mastering paranoia, trying to stabilize it and give it a "real" form. In the 18th century, opium was the usual medicine for fever, and perhaps the *Carceri* were inspired by it; certainly their feeling of limitless dread, of imprisonment by infinite space, pertains to opium experience. Hence Piranesi's interest for some 19th century writers who, like Coleridge and Baudelaire, were opium addicts. "With the same power of endless growth and reproduction," wrote Thomas de Quincey in *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, "did my architecture proceed in dreams." Today, for an audience soaked in cheap psychedelia, Piranesi's prisons are a reminder that only complex and fastidious minds have trips that are worth recalling. They do not represent a flash of hallucination, but rather a state of mind, developed over a long span of time. Piranesi's stupendous architectural memory mutated involuntarily into dream and revealed the scope of his ambitions with a grandiosity that could not have been attained by any of the designs that he actually meant to be built, hampered as they were by materials and money.

■ Robert Hughes

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CROSS SECTION OF SAN GIOVANNI

Protest at the Post

To match its liberal editorial policies, the Washington *Post* has always been a leader among metropolitan dailies in hiring blacks. The blacks on the paper include an editorial writer, a columnist, two assistant city editors, two cultural writers and 14 other reporters and photographers. Of its 393 newsroom employees, including copy boys, clerks and trainees, the *Post* claims a black representation of 40, or more than 10%. At the Los Angeles *Times*, four out of 437 editorial employees are black. Only 22 minority-group members (Spanish speaking, American Indian, Oriental and black) are among the 557 New York and Washington report-

getting inferior assignments and unsatisfactory advancement. One of their spokesmen, Richard Prince, has been covering the district's equivalent of city hall. Another, Ivan Brandon, was promoted in the midst of the controversy to assistant city editor, the second black in that position.

Their formal protest began in January with a letter to Executive Editor Benjamin Bradlee. They demanded to know, among other things, why there were no blacks reporting for the sport and financial sections, why there were no blacks in senior executive positions, why there have traditionally been only one or two blacks on the prestigious national staff.

Another grievance concerns the *Post's* coverage of black affairs, which some staffers consider too stereotyped. Says one white reporter: "Pick up the paper any day, and you would think that all the blacks in Washington are either on methadone, are welfare mothers, or are running for Miss Teen-Age Black America."

But that charge and the one accusing the *Post* of discrimination seem overdrawn. The paper frequently runs stories sympathetic to black problems, and articles that treat blacks as individuals. The *Post* supports an all-black intern program at the Washington Journalism Center. The paper also has sent a black editor around the country scouting for black recruits.

Schizophrenia. Bradlee and his colleagues are clearly disturbed by the complaint—and the problem that inspired it. He nonetheless ran an editorial-page piece by Ben Bagdikian about the charges, as well as a column by Nicholas von Hoffman. Both writers were sympathetic to the blacks' position. Wrote Bagdikian: "The failure to place blacks in influential positions in the media is far more than a failure of the journalistic trade; [it is a failure] to reach the consciousness of the rest of a country faced with the prospect of cultural schizophrenia." It was an unusual airing of a paper's internal troubles. "We have not yet been successful," Bradlee says, "in matching our commitment to hire, assign and promote blacks with our commitment to hire, assign and promote the very best journalists we can find to fill the needs we have."

This seems to be Bradlee's polite way of saying that the *Post* has been having a difficult time finding as many qualified blacks as it would like. That is a problem encountered by many large publications that have been trying to go beyond a few token blacks. For a variety of reasons, journalism has not been a profession to which many middle-class blacks have traditionally aspired.

Even if the *Post* wanted to meet the demand of 35% to 45% blacks in all editorial categories, it would be unable to

do so without causing an upheaval. Instead, management promoted Brandon, hired two black interns for the local staff and Associated Press Reporter Austin Scott for the national staff. "We hope to be doing more," says Bradlee. This did not satisfy the seven dissidents. They gained the support of 26 other blacks on the paper and went ahead with their formal complaint. At the Washington *Star* last week, black staffers met to consider what action they should bring against their management.

At the *Post's* sister publication, *Newsweek*, management was coping with a different kind of problem. When a friend twitted Osborn Elliott about a recent ad comparing the magazine to George Wallace as a "force to be reckoned with," he came back with a play on a familiar TV commercial: "Please don't squeeze the chairman." Chairman? Indeed. As part of a major executive shuffle, Elliott, 47, is giving up the somewhat ambiguous assignment of editor in chief and president to become *Newsweek's* board chairman. "The business guys," he explained, "thought that I was not spending enough time on the business side." Elliott insists, however, that he will continue to have general supervision over both editorial and business affairs. Kermit Lansner, 49, continues as editor, and will retain control of week-to-week editorial operations.

The thrust of the changes seems to be financial rather than journalistic. Frederick ("Fritz") Beebe, who has been chairman of both the magazine and its parent, the Washington *Post Co.*, keeps his corporate post. Gibson McCabe, 61, who left the presidency last year to become vice chairman, steps back up into his former job. Robert Campbell, 54, moves up from executive vice president to publisher. Campbell replaces Harry Thompson, 51, who had served as publisher for just a year and is evidently being moved aside; as the new vice president for staff affairs, he will assist Elliott in running a number of subsidiary operations.

Suffering. What are the moves all about? Like many magazines, *Newsweek* has been suffering at the cash register. The recession, the postal rate increase and Phase II have driven advertising and earnings down. The magazine's pretax profit hit an alltime high of \$6,515,000 in 1969, dropped to \$2,584,000 in 1970, and recovered slightly last year, to \$2,738,000.* *Newsweek's* contribution to the company's consolidated income fell from one-third to under one-fifth. Business has improved some in recent weeks, but advertising was off by 43 pages (10.9%) in January and February compared with last year, and the first-quarter total is still 42 pages (6.6%) behind 1971.

*The profit figure would have been down again in 1971 were it not for a new bookkeeping method adopted last year. Commonly used in the industry, the system spreads the cost of selling subscriptions over a number of years rather than counting it as one year's expense.



BLACK REPORTERS AT NEWS CONFERENCE
Attacking the plantation.

ers, editors and photographers at the New York *Times*.

Not enough, say seven of the *Post's* black city-desk reporters. After almost two months of talks with management, the "Metropolitan Seven" have filed a formal complaint with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission charging racial bias in the newspaper's assignment and promotion policies. "This discrimination cannot continue to exist at a publication in a city that is 71.1% black," reads the complaint. "The lack of black participation in the shaping of the news reported by one of America's most prestigious newspapers is to us an insult to the black community." Their proposed solution: hire enough blacks within a year to fill 35% to 45% of every editorial category.

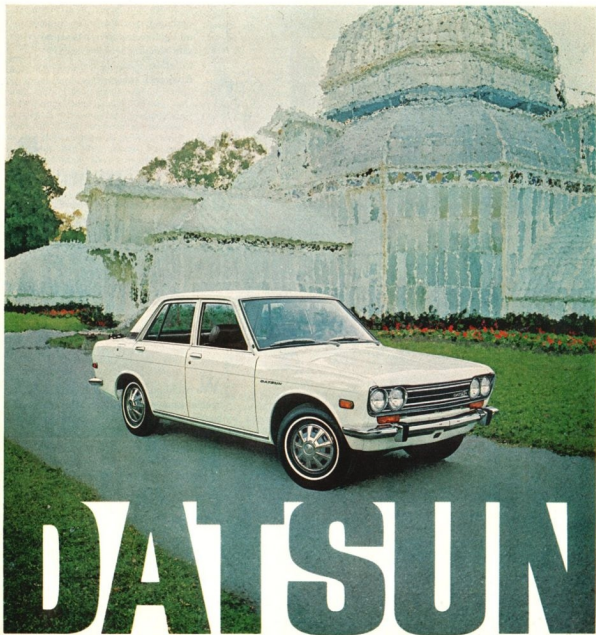
For some time blacks on the *Post* have talked about a "plantation" atmosphere in which they felt that they were

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SHOW BUSINESS

Black Market

Producer Sam Goldwyn Jr. was finishing up work in Harlem last week on *Come Back Charleston Blue*. The director, Mark Warren, is black, as are most of the cast and crew. Billed as a sequel to 1970's lucrative *Cotton Comes to Harlem*, the film is something more than that. It is part of a new Hollywood wave of eminently commercial movies by blacks about the black experience.

Cotton had merely been a successful novelty for Hollywood. Then, in *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, Melvin Van Peebles gave white film makers a revelation, earning several million with a low-budget opus that was furiously and uncompromisingly black. But it was *Shaft* that put the message across. Photographer-Author-Composer Gordon Parks' action film about a black New York James Bond cost \$500,000 and was one of three movies that made any profit for MGM last year: an astonishing \$13 million gross in the U.S. alone.

Money like that means business. Hollywood finally took note of two basic facts: first, with movie theaters clustering in big cities and whites moving to the suburbs, the black sector of the moviegoing public was growing rapidly (an estimated 20% in the past five years); second, the black audience was hungry for films it could identify with, made by blacks, with black heroes, about black life. Now every major studio is making a play for the big black market.

More Realism. Prompted by the success of the original, most of the studios are going blackface with adventure films. Parks and company are now shooting *Shaft's Big Score* for MGM, which just released *Cool Breeze*, a black version of *The Asphalt Jungle*. Warner's, with *Charleston Blue* in the works, is planning a series of black "active-adventure comedies." Universal and Fox will contribute their own versions of the black private-eye story. A bit more imaginative, Columbia has a black western, *Buck and the Preacher*, ready for spring distribution; it is directed by Sidney Poitier, who stars with Harry Belafonte. Paramount will release *The Legend of Nigger Charley*, about a slave who kills his overseer and heads for the frontier—a Southern western.

Exploitation? Black intellectuals are dismayed at the spate of *Shaft*-like characters about to emerge, feeling that they simply perpetuate for whites the myth of the black superstud. But Parks insists that *Shaft*—"a ballsy guy, to hell with everybody, he goes out and does his thing"—was an important symbol for the black community. Besides, black film makers are looking at the bright side. They are getting work, and films are getting made.

Gordon Parks Jr. has just turned di-

rector and completed shooting his first feature, *Superfly*. An independent production, the film, about a Harlem hustler confronting his world, is still in the adventure genre but with deeper implications. "There's more energy here," said the younger Parks on his set. "It's a lot more relaxed, more informal. Our crews are smaller and communication is better—most black film makers want to be realistic." Says Hugh Robertson, a black film editor hired by MGM to direct his first movie: "Some of the stories we'd like to make are still too potent for the studios to tackle, but the masses can be educated." Ossie Davis is even more optimistic. "The impact made on American music can be duplicated in film," he says. "It can become our medium. As outsiders in America, our life-style is richer, more rhythmic and colorful, and we may have retained enough vitality to regenerate the culture."

Depending on one's point of view, Davis' vision may seem like an expanded version of a racial cliché, or like a black rhapsody. His approach, however, is practical. As president of Third World Cinema, a film company that is also a New York-based community project, he is helping young blacks learn about all aspects of film making. With federal funding, TWC has established an on-the-job training program for aspiring black and Puerto Rican moviemakers, with 53 apprentices now working, and a film school is in the planning stages. TWC's film plans are appropriately ambitious. They include a biography of Billie Holiday (Motown, a black record company, is already shooting its version of the Billie Holiday story, starring Diana Ross), a film from the works of Puerto Rican Author Piri Thomas, and an adaptation of John O. Killens' chilling war novel, *And Then We Heard the Thunder*.

The number of blacks on both sides of the camera has increased by several hundred percent over the past two years. Still, on most black movies, the technicians, who must be highly trained and union members, are predominantly white. This prompted CORE in January to send a list of seven demands for money, jobs and control to all studios planning to film in Harlem. Some of these

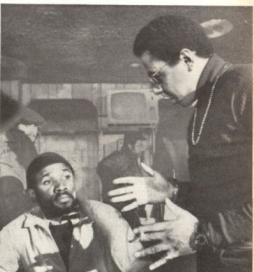
seemed negotiable; others, like script approval, were unrealistic. Goldwyn, who made peace with CORE and other groups to finish *Charleston Blue* on location, points out that film makers may simply "start re-creating Harlem in Albuquerque. It's cheaper and easier."

Back in the Hollywood dream factory, AIP, the company responsible for all those beach-blanket movies, motorcycle epics and Vincent Price horror shows, is cashing in on the trend in its own way. Black Director William Crain recently completed shooting the first all-black vampire movie: *Blacula*.

GORDON PARKS JR. IN "SHAFT"



PARKS JR. DIRECTING "SUPERFLY"



DIRECTOR MARK WARREN ON SET OF "COME BACK CHARLESTON BLUE"





RABBI MENACHEM MENDEL SCHNEERSON (LOWER CENTER) SPEAKING TO LUBAVITCH HASIDIM COMMUNITY IN BROOKLYN

DAVID GARR

RELIGION

COVER STORY

The Jews: Next Year in Which Jerusalem?

IN Cincinnati's Plum Street Temple, Reform Rabbi Albert A. Goldman marks the Sabbath of Passover Week with his civil rights-oriented "Freedom Sabbath," which is attended by representatives of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and of the N.A.A.C.P., labor organizers and Protestant ministers. In Miami Beach, the ads for a kosher hotel promise not only an olympic-size salt-water swimming pool, but also "Passover Specials" in room rates and a cantor and choir for Seder services. In Connecticut, a self-proclaimed congregation of Jewish humanists fashions a Passover Haggadah (the Seder narrative) that manages to avoid any mention of God. In Manhattan, an ecumenical group of friends sits down to a classic Seder meal including the symbolic foods: matzoth, bitter herbs and haunch of spring lamb. After reading the Haggadah, the group invites one of the Christians present to read from the New Testament; he chooses the passage in *Luke* where Jesus celebrates his Passover meal, the Last Supper.

Thus, with their own interpretations of the ancient rituals, a number of U.S. Jews marked the eight-day festival of Passover that ends this week. Most other Jews observed the feast in more traditional ways. But all told anew the old stories of Pharaoh's wrath and the Lord's good providence that took them out of Egypt, their house of bondage. Sometimes their Christian neighbors joined them, aware that their own celebration of Easter, just days away, was inextricably tied to the Jewish holiday.

It was at a Seder that Jesus first offered the bread and wine as his body and blood, and in Christian liturgies he has become the archetypal Paschal Lamb.

Of course Passover and Easter carry quite different spiritual meanings. Easter is a feast of resurrection; Passover a feast of survival. Easter denotes God's sacrifice for the redemption of all men; Passover God's special compact with one people. That compact often seems "exclusive," yet according to the Old Testament, God did charge his people with a message of love and justice for the world. Thus Passover also means a kind of redemption to Jews, a redemption anticipated in the climactic affirmation that ends the Seder celebration: "Next Year in Jerusalem!" For two millennia that cry has been the Jews' link to the homeland and each other, a confident pledge that they will one day be reunited in Israel.

For most of those two millennia, "Next year in Jerusalem!" was only a dream, a burning reason to stay alive in the midst of the Diaspora (the Exile) and often calumny and pogrom. In recent years the real possibility of aliyah ("ascent" to the homeland) has been realized. Jerusalem is accessible, for the moment at least a precious part of Israel; yet most Jews remain in the countries they grew up in. What does the old pledge mean now, in a world where Israel and the Diaspora exist side by side? Where do Jewish loyalties lie? Who, or what, is a Jew now that Jerusalem is no longer just an evanescent goal?

The questions are part of a new and deep search for Jewish identity in Jews the world over, especially in the U.S., Israel and the Soviet Union. The search takes many forms, for Jews—as indicated by their diverse Passover observances—identify themselves with a broad assortment of labels—ethnic, religious and political (see box). There are Ashkenazic and Sephardic Jews; Orthodox, Conservative, Reform and Reconstructionist Jews; Zionists and anti-Zionists. In the welter of causes and allegiances that vie for the Jew of the '70s, the essence of Judaism sometimes seems hard to find.

Bearing Witness. "I know what one must do to be Jewish," writes Author Elie Wiesel, the melancholy chronicler of the Nazi holocaust. "He must assume his Jewishness. He must assume his collective conscience. He must assume his past with its sorrows and its joys. Tell the tale. In other words, he must bear witness." Wiesel's definition, however attractive, still leaves the individual Jew with a dilemma. Bear witness to what? And how? Follow the painfully detailed 613 Precepts set down for devout Jews? Immigrate to a kibbutz in Israel? Write a check for the United Jewish Appeal? How does a modern Jew in the Americas, in Europe or even in Israel "assume his past" when it is so redolent with ancient law, so burdened with melancholy history?

In a sense, the quest for Jewish identity today is a sign that Jews are more secure than they ever have been in their history. For most of that history, the up-

Who's What in Jewry

TO non-Jews, and indeed to many Jews, the ethnic and religious variations among the world's 14 million Jews are bewildering. Scientifically speaking, there is no Jewish "race." As Scholar Raphael Patai points out in his book, *Tents of Jacob*, Jews of one geographical area share physiological traits with their immediate non-Jewish neighbors but much less so with Jews of a distant geographical area. Still, the Jews' long history of wandering as tightly knit communities has dispersed them into a wide range of distinct ethnic groups.

By far the most numerous today are the **ASHKENAZIC** Jews, who became an important group in the Rhineland about the 10th century. They take their name from the medieval Hebrew name for Germany, Ashkenaz. The Ashkenazim, who spread across Europe and to North and South America, suffered most of the casualties in the Hitler years, but still account for some 84% of the world's Jews.

The remaining 16% are divided between the **SEPHARDIC** and **ORIENTAL** Jews. The Sephardim developed into a community in medieval Spain, where their achievements in arts, government and letters made them the most influential Jewish community of the Diaspora until their expulsion in 1492. Their language, Ladino, reflects their Spanish roots. The Oriental Jews are scattered from North Africa to Afghanistan, usually speaking Jewish varieties of Arabic or Persian, and in the case of one group, Aramaic.

Beyond these three basic groups there are several smaller Jewish communities with long histories of their own, such as the Jews of the Caucasus, the Cochins of India, the black Falasha Jews of Ethiopia, and an indigenous population in Italy that dates back more than 2,000 years. Though the Italian Jews have often prospered, their numbers are now diminishing through intermarriage with Roman Catholics.

As the Jewish homeland, Israel has Jews of almost every kind, color and Judaic language, although the Sephardic pronunciation of Hebrew has been made standard for Israel. In the U.S., the oldest Jewish community is that of the Sephar-

dim, who first arrived in 1654. They brought with them an **ORTHODOX** heritage, but many strayed from it in the New World. The first important wave of Ashkenazic immigration from Germany in the 1840s and '50s, on the other hand, brought with it the **REFORM** movement of religious Judaism, an outgrowth of the Age of Enlightenment. Caught up in the rationalism of the age, Reform set out to modernize liturgy, rejected the binding authority of Jewish law and such key beliefs as a literal Messiah and personal immortality. But it re-emphasized Jewish ethical values.

The Reform approach seemed sterile to some Jews, who in the late 19th century began to turn to a compromise between Reform and Orthodoxy known in the U.S. as **CONSERVATIVE** Judaism. At the same time, waves of Eastern European Jews, some of whom clung to their Old World Orthodoxy, were emigrating to the U.S. But not until the rise of Nazism in Europe did yet another group of Orthodox Jews arrive in the U.S.—the followers of **HASIDISM**, a movement of mystical enthusiasm that sprang up in Eastern Europe in the 18th century. Among them were the Satmar Hasidim, named after the Rumanian town of Satmar, and the Lubavitch Hasidim, named after the White Russian town of Lubavitch. The Satmar sect is fiercely loyal to the U.S. but anti-Zionist because only the Messiah can re-establish Israel. They remain small (about 5,000 families), but the Lubavitcher, who accept Israel and are also staunch U.S. patriots, now have perhaps 150,000 members and sympathizers.

At the other end of the spectrum is **RECONSTRUCTIONISM**, a sort of Jewish equivalent of Unitarianism that grew out of the naturalism and pragmatism of American thought in the 1920s and 1930s. Its adherents number some 2,300 families.

Because the question of religious affiliation has been kept out of recent U.S. censuses, the current Jewish population of the U.S. can only be estimated: about 6,000,000. Roughly half of U.S. Jewish families belong to synagogues, and the three major groups—Reform, Conservative, Orthodox—now probably share that membership in approximately equal thirds. Only a massive Jewish population survey now under way will tell Americans just how Jewish they really are.

permost question has been one not of identity but survival. The Jews had to endure the Babylonian captivity, the leveling of Jerusalem by the Romans, and 19 centuries of exile. That exile was exacerbated by enforced conversions and by expulsions from one country after another, and capped by a crime that beggars the imagination: the Nazis' methodical murder of 6,000,000 people. Then came the painful birth of Israel. As the wandering survivors from the Old World crowded into the infant state, there seemed to be an effort, as Conservative Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum puts it, "to terminate the past and lock the door on it."

Many other Jews, of course, tried to lock the door on the past in a different way: assimilation. Especially in the U.S., where they made up the world's largest Jewish population (approximately 5,000,000 in 1945), Jews played a significant role in the material and intellectual life of the nation during the postwar years and won a generous slice of America's prosperity. By the mid-1960s, 80% of Jewish high school graduates went on to college, in contrast to 40% of the total population. By 1965, 57% of U.S. Jewish families had an income of \$7,000 a year or more; only 35% of all U.S. families enjoyed such

incomes. Jews were welcomed into most professions, sought out for government office, even invited into some hitherto exclusive white Anglo-Saxon clubs and enclaves. Jewish expressions, literature and customs began to appeal to many non-Jews for their ethnic vigor; the result was a kind of Jewish chic.

Where their parents had found new faiths in Marxism, Freudianism and a succession of liberal causes, many

younger Jews followed their contemporaries into the New Left or exotic religious movements such as Krishna Consciousness, Scientology or even the Jesus Revolution. A remarkable number of young people are being won over to the "Messianic Judaism" of an evangelistic group in San Francisco called Jews for Jesus; many of them worship at synagogues and have their jackets emblazoned with Jesus slogans in



JDL MEMBERS BURN SOVIET FLAG IN N.Y.

RELIGION

Hebrew. For others, young and old, Judaism has been reduced to what one young Jew contemptuously calls a "gastronomic experience": blintzes, bagels and lox, gefilte fish.

Paradoxically, during roughly the same period, assimilation ran into a countertrend. Orthodox and Conservative Jewry experienced a pronounced new growth in the U.S. Orthodox Rabbi Joseph B. Soloveitchik describes the change: "When I came here in the 1930s [from Germany], there was a certain naïveté, a great pride, a confidence in the American way of life. I'm not sure what the American way of life was, but everyone—including a great many Jews—thought it was best. Jews wanted to disappear." That attitude began to shift, first merely in reaction to the Nazi disaster that had befallen Germany's Jews, who had wanted to assimilate more fervently than anyone else; later, because the old confidence in the American dream was shaken, and a hunger for spiritual reaffirmation became evident among all groups, religious or otherwise. Now, says Soloveitchik, "America is reaching for values above historical change"—values that he believes Orthodoxy provides.

Tie to Israel. Assimilated or tradition-bound, religious or secular, Jews found common cause in their response to the 1967 challenge from the Arab world: Israel must be destroyed. The effect was electric. Recalls Jewish Historian Max Vorspan of the University of Judaism in Los Angeles: "The Six-Day War tapped Jewish feelings among peo-

ple who didn't know they had any." It also tapped a flood of Jewish cash. Financial support for Israel, always strong, crested to a new high: the 750 Jewish families of Charleston, S.C., alone raised a remarkable \$250,000—nearly \$100 per person. Young people—and sometimes their parents—suddenly found themselves on jets to Israel, ready to fight, or at least to take the soldiers' places in the kibbutzim.

For the moment, the answer appeared simple, even if it was not. Most Jews seemed to decide that to be a Jew was to commit oneself to Israel. In the five years since then, that answer has apparently remained sufficient for many Jews. Says Rabbi Robert Seigel, Hillel Foundation director for North Carolina: "Israel's survival is our survival."

Black Anger. But the war complicated things as well—not least because Israel was victorious beyond all expectation. Some Jews, especially younger ones, had trouble adjusting to the image of the Jew as conqueror. Those in the New Left found it possible to assail Israel as the new upstart and to defend the underdog Palestinian guerrillas with Jerry Rubin's phrase, "Right on, Al Fatah!" The chorus was joined by black militants, who now hurled epithets at the very Jews who had first marched with them in civil rights protests. The blacks' anger, overtly against Israel, at least partly reflected domestic friction: they were finding up-from-the-ghetto Jews in many of the jobs or homes they aspired to.

Jews also began to feel isolated in other ways. To be sure, they found staunch new allies among many evangelical Protestants, to whom Israel represents biblical fulfillment. Billy Graham's 1970 film *His Land* was pointedly pro-Israel. But Protestant liberals, once political allies of U.S. Jews and supporters of Israel, began turning their sympathies toward Palestinian Arab refugees in the wake of the war.

Another issue related to Israel grew out of the determination of American Jews to help their brethren in the Soviet Union. By and large, there was solid Christian sympathy for these efforts. Only two weeks ago in Chicago, a formidable ecumenical group convened a National Interreligious Consultation on Soviet Jewry—including liberal Protestants, black churchmen, Roman Catholics and Eastern Orthodox. But at least some critics have felt that in pressuring Moscow to allow Jews to immigrate to Israel (a sort of modern re-enactment of the let-my-people-go theme), a privilege of free movement was being sought for Russian Jews that no other Soviet citizens enjoy. Besides, the extremist Jewish Defense League, which took the Soviet Jews' cause violently into the streets of U.S. cities, contributed a new and shocking, if hardly lasting image of the Jew as bully—appalling most Jews in the process.

Over and above these pressing concerns, some Jews began to question the

wisdom of tying Jewish identity too closely to the precarious existence of a political state. Even International Lawyer Samuel Pinar, 43, an Auschwitz survivor and firmly pro-Israel, warns that "to put the greatness of Jews into that little basket [Israel] is very dangerous. What if it goes?"

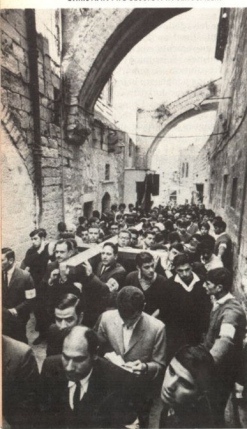
Emigration from the U.S. to Israel soared in the years after 1967—28,700 from the Six-Day War to the end of 1971, more than double the number of Americans who went in the entire period between 1948 and 1967. But it is clear that the vast majority of U.S. Jews have no intention of immigrating to Israel, perhaps partly because internal disputes and social conflicts made that state less a Jewish Camelot than it had appeared to be. Jewish thinkers have begun to emphasize an old dialectic in Judaism, the dialectic between the homeland and the Diaspora. In his 1971 book *Tents of Jacob*, anthropologist Raphael Patai points out that Jews had their first consciousness as a people not in the homeland but in an early Diaspora—in "the strange land" of Egypt. History further demonstrates that after the Babylonian captivity, Judaism was never without a Diaspora, never without Jews—some of them important thinkers—in parts of the world other than Israel. Even some committed Zionists now concede that Zionism does not demand immigration to Israel.

Broad Spectrum. Last month, when the Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds selected Brandeis Historian Leon A. Jick to direct their new Institute for Jewish Life, Jick emphasized that the \$1,350,000 earmarked for the institute over the next three years would go to projects that specifically deepened American Jewish experience. "We intend to reaffirm the value of the Diaspora," said Jick. "Jews in America can't live vicariously in another country. If our Judaism is going to be *Portnoy's Complaint* and *Goodbye, Columbus*, what's the use?"

Obviously, the spectrum of Jewish identification is a broad one. "Each man's Jewish story is different," asserts James A. Sleeper in *The New Jews*. Many Jews insist, with stubborn existentialism, that a Jew is what he chooses to be. Yet the ends of the spectrum seem discernible enough—and some of the many shades in between. At one end, a very large group stresses the peoplehood of Judaism, membership in a cultural and ethnic community that may or may not have religious significance to them. At the other end, a smaller but steadfast group regards Judaism principally as a strict and compelling faith, in which nothing less than exact adherence to Torah and Talmud* will do. In

*The Talmud is the great body of Jewish legal and ritual commentary recorded between 400 B.C. and A.D. 500 and continuously refined by Jewish scholars ever since. Based on the Torah (the five books of Moses that make up the beginning of the Bible), it is Judaism's most authoritative source, after the Torah, and its greatest literary achievement.

CHRISTIAN PROCESSION IN JERUSALEM



between are those who acknowledge the universal community of Judaism, but who trace that community to traditional roots in a common faith.

ETHNIC OR EXISTENTIAL JUDAISM

Jews in this group may be completely secular—even atheist—or sometimes members of a denomination like Reform Judaism. They simply do not feel that formal ritual or denominational affiliation is crucial. Though a rabbi himself, Philadelphia's Jacob Chinitz insists that "it is membership in the Jewish people that ties a Jew to Judaism, not his membership in a synagogue."

Particularly among students, this new communal Jewishness is creating a heightened interest in Hebrew, Yiddish, Jewish history and even Bible study—though for many the latter is more cultural than religious. On U.S. campuses, an impressive number of Judaic courses have been added to the curriculum, often at the students' instigation. At least 55 secular colleges and universities—more than half of them top-ranking schools—now offer courses in Jewish studies, compared with only eleven a generation ago. Where formal Jewish studies fail to meet the demand, "free Jewish universities" have sprung up for adults as well as colleagues.

Samuel Pisas, who is a naturalized American living in Paris and the widely acclaimed author of *Coexistence and Commerce*, is perhaps the paradigm of the existential, communal kind of Jew. Of the 900 students in his Polish elementary school, Pisas is one of two to survive the holocaust. He calls the communal ties of Jews a "bond of suffering that comes whenever Jews are threatened." He felt the pull of that bond when he attended an international conference in Kiev last summer. After a VIP tour of the city, he became uneasy. "The [concentration camp] numbers on my arm," he recalls, "began to itch." When his turn came to speak, he threw away his prepared text and told the Soviet hosts that the tour had been incomplete: it had not included Babi Yar, where the German Occupation forces had killed hundreds of thousands of Kiev citizens, starting with 70,000 Jews. After a stunned silence the Russians gave in and bused their visitors and themselves out to Babi Yar for a mutual lesson in the bitter fruits of anti-Semitism.

"Jewishness becomes stronger," comments James Sleeper in *The New Jews*, "when you realize that your people have known what it is to live as pariahs in the universe, with the shadow of total annihilation a constant reality. In such moments of awareness, a lesson of Jewish survival is 'hope against hope.' Hope when it makes no sense. Hope when you have known the seamy, brutal underside of a church that stirs the hearts of millions [Christianity], or when you have begun to understand the claim of a Jew dying in the Warsaw ghetto that he would be the oppressed



ISRAELI SOLDIER KISSING JERUSALEM'S WAILING WALL AT END OF 1967 WAR
Feelings tapped among people who did not know they had any.

rather than the oppressor if the choice were to be made."

Existential Judaism operates on a less cosmic scale too. *Commentary* Editor Norman Podhoretz tells in *Making It* how a high school teacher once insisted on taking him to a nonkosher restaurant—and he was so revolted that he could not eat. Today, says Podhoretz, he retains no traces of the old taboos, but many sophisticated Jews who consider themselves liberated find that the taboos still affect them. On another level of reaction, Jewish Author Milton Himmelfarb has admitted that he takes a second look whenever he sees a Mercedes or a Volkswagen in the parking lot of a synagogue. What is taken for granted in the surrounding Gentile culture may make a Jew feel like an alien. "You can feel just like any other American on the Fourth of July," notes a Jew from Texas, but "you are vividly reminded that you are different" amid the ubiquitous Christmas decorations festooning American streets in December. It remains true, however, that many Jews relish the sense of unique fraternity that arises from this difference. There is a note of pride in the old Yiddish saying *Schwer zu sein a Yid* (It is tough to be a Jew).

COMMUNITY OF FAITH JUDAISM

Partly because of such difficulties, cultural Jewishness is not enough for many Jews. A number of critics feel that it is dangerously hollow. "It makes being a Jew the religion," contends Jewish Writer Will Herberg of Drew University. "By its standards, you can be a very good Jew without faith." Herberg, once a Communist, represents the middle of the Jewish spectrum: those Jews who insist that faith must underpin any lasting sense of Jewish identity.

Theologian Abraham Joshua Heschel, professor of ethics and mysticism at the Conservative Jewish Theological Seminary in Manhattan, is the godfather and poet of this school of thought. He is also one of its stricter interpreters of Halakha (*The Law, derived from the Hebrew for to follow*),

the Jewish code of conduct and observance. For Heschel, who lost his first wife and children in the Nazi terror, Judaism is "the track of God in the wilderness of oblivion." The task, he says, is "being what we are, namely Jews; by attuning our own yearning to the lonely holiness in this world, we will aid humanity more than by any particular service we may render."

The mystical piety that animates Heschel's work is an inheritance from his forebears, a prominent Hasidic family in Poland. It is this quality of Hasidism—the 18th century revolt against the aridities of rabbinic legalism—that attracts many younger Jews. Although some are not quite willing to accept the full ritual observance that goes with Hasidism, they do seek to share the Hasidic experience of ecstatic encounter with God. Indeed, some carry it to very untraditional lengths. In Beverly Hills, Calif., on Yom Kippur, a 17-year-old high school student declined to join in the common prayers in his synagogue, explaining, "I decided I have my own concept of God as something beyond the natural world, and I don't think it is right for me to use other people's words when I could try to use my own thoughts. I can relate to God anywhere I want to."

In a recent issue of the new Jewish journal *Sh'ma* (TIME, March 6), a young woman named Joan Koehler relates a remarkable chronicle of conversion. Raised without a faith, she found Christian churches too dogmatic, was attracted by the Jewish belief that total truth "is not within man's reach." Despite the endless intricacies of Jewish law that daunt most interested outsiders—and many Jews—she concluded that "in a sense, each Jew has his own Torah, and I am working out mine." Among other observances, she keeps a kosher kitchen and a fairly strict Sabbath.

Jew and convert, a growing number of young people are joining the college-based *havurat* (fellowship) movement and similar experimental Jewish communities. Different from the culture-oriented Judaic studies programs,

RELIGION

the *havurat* have communal houses or meeting places where Jewish students gather to study the Torah, Hebrew and other Jewish subjects and to celebrate the Sabbath and festivals together. Though they pledge no formal adherence to strict Halakha, the students can, like Joan Koehler, be edifyingly tough on themselves. Some communities observe their own kind of kashruth (kosher laws) by vegetarianism, at least on the Sabbath. At Boston's Havurat Shalom, one of the pioneering communities in the movement, members live close enough to the house that they can walk to Sabbath services—even if they might use cars for other purposes during the day.

These communal experiences reflect a new interpretation of an ancient

grant the rich man's petition, explaining that he sees the poor man every week, but he has not seen the rich man in three years.

The warm circle of the *mishpachah* became considerably extended as Jewish history progressed; in time it included the entire *sheitl*, the Jewish village. Now a number of Jewish thinkers would like to define that concept in a special way that embraces the Jewish people as a whole. Among the most influential is a cross-denominational group of theologians and philosophers who have become known as the "Covenant theologians." Loosely organized, stressing their common beliefs rather than their differences, the group includes such names as New York Reform Theologian (and *Sh'ma* Editor) Eugene Borowitz, Conservative Theologian Seymour Siegel of the Jewish Theological Seminary, and Orthodox Theologian Norman Lamm. What they mutually try to promote, explains Siegel, is the idea that Jews "are not a people like all other people, nor a religious society promoting certain metaphysical principles and ideas, but a group joined together in relation to God."

Irrelevant Lines. One of the first issues the group has tackled is the central question of revelation. According to older attitudes, notes Jakob J. Petuchowski of Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion in Cincinnati, "once you discovered that Moses didn't write the whole Pentateuch, you dropped the idea of revelation altogether." But the consensus of the Covenant theologians is that God does reveal himself to man, and that he has, in one way or another, established some kind of special covenant with the Jews. For the traditionalist, that may mean the literal, biblical Covenant first made by God with the patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—and later confirmed with the Hebrew people as a whole at Sinai. For others it may mean a more existential relationship, perhaps with a less personal God.

For Reform Jew Petuchowski, the Covenant theology of revelation means that denominational lines are often irrelevant. His own life illustrates the blurring of those lines: his wife keeps a kosher kitchen, unusual for Reform Jews, and he volunteers his services to a small Reform congregation in Laredo, Texas, on the first night of Rosh Hashanah (the Jewish New Year), then moves on to a nearby Conservative synagogue for the next night of the high holy days.

The Covenant theologians—and many other religious Jews newly interested in Halakic observance—generally agree that the Jews' special relationship with God demands some kind of loyalty to traditional Jewish law. "Without law the Covenant is empty and even meaningless," says Seymour Siegel. "There can be no Covenant without observance." That, of course, is an old question in Judaism, and it divides

even those devoutly observant Jews whom the outside world paints with the broad brush of "Orthodoxy."

ORTHODOX JUDAISM

While more liberal Jews are willing to search for the common denominator of faith within a broader idea of Jewish peoplehood, the Orthodox are more demanding: faith must come first, peoplehood second. Indeed, for the strictest Orthodox, their rigidly sectarian faith actually separates them from other Jews. Even so, the basic Orthodox concept of Jewish identification is far healthier today than was expected just a few decades ago. Now it is burgeoning, partly because the melting pot is passé, but also partly because the Orthodox birth rate is unusually high.

Rabbi Soloveitchik, Orthodoxy's most brilliant interpreter in the U.S., insists that Orthodoxy and modern life can go hand in hand. A pre-eminent Talmudic authority at Manhattan's Yeshiva University, Soloveitchik sees the "divine disciplines" of Orthodoxy as part of "a great romance between men and God." Halakic Precepts, he argues, are a natural dialectic of "advancement and withdrawal"—six days of work, one of rest; 16 days of the month when husband and wife can have intercourse, twelve when they cannot because of restrictions surrounding the menstrual period. "Detail is important," says Soloveitchik. "Ethics pays attention to detail. Some people call us pedantic; perhaps we are. But if you pay attention to detail you cannot be misled." Soloveitchik acknowledges that Orthodox belief is not always easy to understand: "We don't believe because it is absurd, but sometimes in spite of the fact it is absurd."

Soloveitchik tirelessly commutes between New York and Boston, where he supervises the enlightened Yeshiva he founded there, the Maimonides School. It is designed to give students from kindergarten through twelfth grade the best in both secular education and Jewish tradition. "The American Jew is integrated in American society," says Soloveitchik, "but we have another commitment too, a metaphysical commitment—a covenant with God. We must burden the child with both commitments." Burden indeed: to accommodate the dual study load, the school day at Maimonides runs from 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Despite its monolithic aspects, Orthodoxy comprises a host of sometimes bitterly contending factions. There are arguments, for instance, about the fine points of kosher-food preparation, with the result that there are two categories of kosher food—regular kosher, acceptable to most Orthodox, and *glatt* (smooth) kosher, preferred by the more rigorous ultra-Orthodox. More serious

*Regular kosher, for example, allows animals to be eaten whose lungs are scarred from old internal injuries; *glatt* kosher requires the lungs to be completely smooth.



COLLECTING FOR ISRAEL IN MANHATTAN
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keystone Jewish concept: membership in the *mishpachah*, a family of both blood and faith whose dining table is also an altar. It is a family on familiar terms with God—so much so that members can chastise him, as Tevye does in *Fiddler on the Roof*. One great Hasidic rabbi, Levi-Yitzhak of Berditchev, once warned God, "If you refuse to answer our prayers, I shall refuse to go on saying them." It was Levi-Yitzhak, too, who one day addressed God in exasperation: "Master of the Universe, how many years do we know each other? How many decades? So please permit me to wonder: is this any way to rule your world?" God is sometimes seen as a sort of puzzlingly eccentric grandfather. One Jewish story tells of a rich man praying for money to start a new business, and a poor man, next to him, praying for food for his starving family. God tells an astonished angel to



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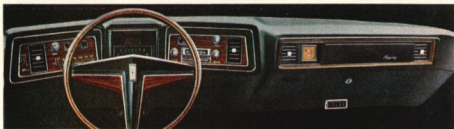
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disagreements revolve around whether a Gentile who is converted through non-Orthodox procedures is in fact a Jew, or even whether Orthodox rabbis can engage in interdenominational conversations with less observant rabbis. Rabbi Emanuel Rackman, a leading theologian of the Orthodox left, has joined Reform and Conservative leaders on New York's Board of Rabbis, but such cooperation is anathema to the ultra-Orthodox.

At least one Orthodox group—the Lubavitch Hasidim—is dedicated to converting less observant Jews back to full observance, and the group usually goes about that task with patience, tact and good humor. One convert to Lubavitch Hasidism, Microbiologist Velv Greene of Minneapolis, was won over simply by prayer. A young Lubavitch missionary, in the midst of a ten-minute interview with the busy Greene, suddenly looked out the window at the setting sun, realized that it was time for prayer, and, asking Greene's pardon, abruptly stopped the conversation. Putting on a *garief* (a cord round the waist that symbolizes the biblical "girding of the loins"), he turned to the window to pray. Greene was so impressed that he invited the young man back for further conversations and gradually became a fully observant Lubavitcher.

Sabbath Combat. Despite the current interest in Orthodoxy's various shades, many Jews resent its exclusiveness. Indeed, Reform Rabbi Alvin H. Reines, of Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion, turns the tables and regrettably excludes Orthodoxy from his concept of Judaism. Reines contends that there is no single entity describable as Judaism, but rather a variety of Judaisms over the ages, each fashioned to its time. Some have lingered on and now coexist, but the common denominator of most is flexibility. Reines would like to see basic unity among believing Jews under an umbrella he calls "polydoxy." Polydoxy's working principle recognizes the "radical freedom" of every human being to create his own religion for his own "finite needs." By its very nature, says Reines, this formulation excludes those, like the Orthodox, who would restrict complete human freedom with divine commandments.

Orthodoxy—especially militant Orthodoxy—does create problems within Judaism, but in the U.S. these problems are only minor ones, skirmishes of words. In Israel, Orthodox zealotry has created a national law-and-order crisis. Orthodox Jews are naturally inflamed by secular Jews who spend the Sabbath sunning on the beach at Tel Aviv. Secular Jews are exasperated at the kind of Orthodox legalism that debates whether using electricity on the Sabbath violates the injunction against kindling fires on that day; or whether it is better to break the ban against working on the Sabbath by milking cows or to risk causing the animals pain—an action that is

also forbidden—by not milking them.

Israelis or visitors who are unwise enough to drive their cars through the ultra-Orthodox Mea Shearim section of Jerusalem on the Sabbath often encounter a hail of stones. A teen-age girl who naively walks through the same district in a miniskirt may find herself angrily chased by Orthodox youths shouting "Zonah! Zonah!" ("Whore! Whore!"). Many pathologists in Israeli hospitals receive death threats from Orthodox fanatics for performing autopsies, which according to Orthodoxy are a desecration of the dead. Hospitals in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv closed down briefly in protest against police failure to curb the threats.

The extremists are likely to lose rather than gain ground in Israel's religious life. Rabbi Shlomo Goren, 53, an Orthodox Halakic scholar who is Ashkenazic Chief Rabbi of Tel Aviv, is an odds-on favorite to succeed Issar Yehuda Unterman, 86, as the country's powerful Ashkenazic Chief Rabbi, perhaps some time this year. He is carefully attuned to Jewish law, but at the same time practical, eager to solve such modern problems as how to maintain a Sabbath police force without violating the strictures of Halakhah. Meantime, other branches of religious Judaism are gaining a foothold there. An increasing number of conversions performed by U.S. Conservative rabbis are now recognized by the Israeli Chief Rabbinate. Conservatives have eight synagogues in Israel, Reform has eight, and even Reconstructionism has one.

The catalysts for many of these changes in Israel are American. For one thing, after the extermination or exile of European Jewish leadership during World War II, the task of analyzing and shaping Jewish thought fell largely to American Jews. But the basic reason for the influence is that Judaism lives by dialectic. Classic rabbinical law displayed this trait; on every question, great and small, there was always a majority opin-

ion and minority opinion, and one balanced the other. Similarly, Jewish developments in the Diaspora influence the homeland, and the homeland in turn shapes the Diaspora.

Shared Courage. To many Jews, U.S. society represents cosmopolitanism and universalism, Israeli society a community fulfilling its tradition. U.S. society exalts conscience and individual freedom, Israeli society adherence to a communal code. Alone, either set of ideals may become narrow or destructive; exchanged, they could become more balanced and productive for both communities. Since Judaism is an inextricable mixture of religion and nationhood, a certain ambiguity about Jewish identity will always remain and may ultimately be creative. "We cannot live on borrowed courage," warns Los Angeles Rabbi Leonard Beerman, counseling U.S. Jews to define their identities out of their own roots. But shared courage could well add up to redoubled strength.

In his short story *Monte Sant' Angelo*, Arthur Miller writes of the Jewish experience: "The whole history is packing bundles and getting away." That may have been. Now the business, Jews hope, is unpacking bundles and settling where they are. They seem determined to follow the 614th commandment as propounded by Canadian Philosopher Emil Fackenheim: Jews are forbidden to grant posthumous victories to Hitler. That includes maintaining loyalty to two Jerusalems: the earthly city and the heavenly one, the realized and the unrealized. For many Jews, the earthly Jerusalem remains an irresistible symbol of hope and triumph. For others, aliyah to the existing Jerusalem is not necessary to reach the ideal one. To them, "Next Year in Jerusalem" means a spiritual journey: contributing their special vision to help build something nearer to that heavenly city—the kingdom of God—throughout the world.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: REINES, TANENBAUM, PETUCHOWSKI, SOLOVEITCHIK





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MILESTONES

Died. Hsieh Fu-chih, 63, former secret police chief of China; in Peking. Hsieh commanded 150,000 troops in the Korean War, and later aided Ho Chi Minh's forces at Dienbienphu. As Minister of Public Security in the mid-'60s he played an ambiguous role in the Cultural Revolution. He clashed with army commanders opposed to Red Guard excesses, then he violently quelled the Red Guard activists in Peking. Hsieh thus made enemies on both sides but survived them to remain a Maoist in good standing to the end.

Died. Maurits Cornelis Escher, 73, Dutch artist known for his surrealistic woodcuts and lithographs; in Hilversum, The Netherlands. Escher worked in almost complete obscurity for 30 years, until, in the early 1950s, his vivid sense of fantasy and unusual uses of perspective won recognition in the U.S. His creations over half a century, about 270 works, now appear in museums on both sides of the Atlantic.

Died. Gabriel Heatter, 81, radio commentator whose famous opener, "Ah, there's good news tonight," brightened the dark days of World War II; of pneumonia; in Miami Beach. After getting his first journalistic experience on the old New York *American*, Heatter switched to the young field of radio news in the early '30s. He won national attention in 1936 with 53 minutes of dramatic, ad-libbed commentary from outside the death house the night Kidnaper Bruno Hauptmann was executed. For the next quarter-century, Heatter's mellifluous baritone carried good news and bad to huge network audiences.

Died. Lord Rank, 83, Britain's foremost moviemaker; in Winchester, England. A devout Methodist with a family fortune derived from flour mills, J. (for Joseph) Arthur Rank entered the film business in the '30s to produce pictures that would compete with Hollywood and be morally uplifting. "I believe the best way we can spread the gospel of Christ," he said, "is through films." He made such classics as *Great Expectations*, *Hamlet* and *In Which We Serve*, and increased his fortune to an estimated \$250 million.

Died. Francis Bowes Sayre, 86, U.S. High Commissioner to the Philippines at the time of the Japanese invasion; in Washington, D.C. A career diplomat, Sayre first served in Asia as an adviser to the Siamese government. In 1933 he was named assistant secretary of state, and six years later went to the Philippines, then a U.S. possession. His appointment ended abruptly when, after enduring two months of Japanese bombing in a Corregidor tunnel, he fled the island by submarine.

Re-Enter Charlie Chaplin, Smiling and Waving

HIS entrances and his exits are what linger in the eye's mind. Half a century later, when the plots have disintegrated like old nitrate-film stock, the comings and goings remain indelible.

Entrance: The Tramp. His mustache, bowler and jacket are all from the Salvation Army of Lilliput. The pants and shoes are Gulliver's discards. The step is shy, tentative, then jaunty. He is going for a walk in the jungle of the city. Titters. Howls and Boffos hang from every bough.

Exit: The girl has fallen for someone else. The Tramp sets off, his back to the camera, his bamboo cane a parenthesis of melancholy. Abruptly, the little shoulders twitch, the leg shakes off tragedy like a cramp. The head snaps to attention. Step, skip, step—the Tramp is restored, off once more on the unimproved road to Better Times.

Charlie Chaplin's off-screen life has been equally crammed with entrances and exits. None has had greater significance than those he will make next week in Los Angeles. There, the white-haired and rather fleshy 82-year-old will cross the stage of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion to accept a special Academy Award* for "the incalculable effect he has had in making motion pictures the art form of this century." As the old comedian concludes his valedictory and ambles to the wings, an epoch will fade out. The ambivalent skirmish between Chaplin and the United States can be ended at last.

It began with the first entrance in 1910, when an unknown music-hall comedian found his English routines bombing on the vaudeville circuit. His sentiments were aggravated by failure, yet buoyed by the new ethos. "The American is an optimist with hustling dreams," Chaplin concluded. "Hit the jackpot! Get out from under! Sell out! Get into another racket! Why should I stick to show business? I was not dedicated to art. I began to regain confidence. Whatever happened, I was determined to stay in America."

No other racket was necessary. Chaplin was to enter the pantheon by the stage door. One morning he tried on Fatty Arbuckle's trousers and Chester Conklin's jacket. The rest is legend. From that moment he essayed only one role—but what a role! The low comic became a visual poet; he gave slapstick soul. Comedy derives from the Greek *kómos*—a dance. And indeed, as the Tramp capered about with his unique sleight of foot, he created a choreography of the human condition. Under Chaplin's direction, objects spoke out as never before: bread rolls became ballet slippers, a boot was transformed into a feast, a torn newspaper had a new career as a lace tablecloth. There have been more ambitious silent comedies than Chaplin's—Buster Keaton's *The General* combined yocks with the verisimilitude of Mathew Brady photographs; Harold Lloyd's and Ben Turpin's movies could wring as many laughs from an audience. But no one ever touched Chaplin's mute grace; no one ever approached the lyricism of his Eternal Immigrant lost in a country that would never be his. No one ever implied a comic past that reached back through civilization to Pan himself.

Let a man rise high in show business—even so stratospheric a celebrity as Chaplin—and there comes an evening of the long knives. For Chaplin it came early and never seemed to lighten. After a series of affairs with leading, supporting, featured, walk-on and crowd-scene actresses, Chaplin took up with the adolescent Lita Grey. A relative of Lita's had news for her paramour: in California, dallying with a minor was statutory rape. Charlie and Lita were married in November 1924. She was his second teen-age bride. Three years later the Chaplins were divorced after loud litigation. The American

public booed his on-screen image; annihilation beckoned. Chaplin tried a master tactic, "I married Lita Grey because I loved her," he announced in the sentimental idiom of the silent film. "Like other foolish men, I loved her more when she wronged me, and I'm afraid I still love her." The statement rescued Chaplin's career—until next time.

L'affaire Chaplin was one of the great silver screen scandals. It helped bolster the movies' infamous Morals Clause. This bit of fine print allowed a studio to fire an employee who caused embarrassment by his private behavior. Hollywood, an arena never deficient in irony, intended the clause to be used in case of sexual indiscretions. Its eventual use was political. In the '40s and '50s, film company lawyers employed it to separate "subversives" from the payroll. One suspect they could not touch was the independently wealthy Chaplin. It was not for want of trying.

Long before the subversive scare, the brilliant assembly-line satire *Modern Times* (1936) had galvanized industrialists. When the dehumanized Charlie went crazy—when he stepped from the factory trying to tighten the foreman's nose, fire hydrants, the buttons on women's dresses—big-business executives took the gestures personally. When the Tramp waved a danger signal at a truck driver and was arrested by the police for inciting crowds with a Red flag—well, that was ridiculing authority, wasn't it? Explained Chaplin: "I was only poking fun at the general confusion from which we are all suffering." The businessmen knew better; the Tramp was tramping on the Gross National Product.

Several years later a group of Senators, headed by Isolationist Burton K. Wheeler, weighed *The Great Dictator* and found it wanton. The mustachioed Adenoid Hynkel, they concluded accurately, was none other than the Chancellor of Germany. The film was one of a number of movies, including *Sergeant York* and *I Married a Nazi*, that were under investigation. They were warmongering propaganda, theorized the Senate subcommittee; it was all engineered by the New Deal. With timing characteristic of the Old Right, the subcommittee chose to attack Chaplin in the fall of 1941. Three months later Charlie was again rescued, this time by history.

The resentments were deferred, not dismissed. In the palmy days of Hollywood, a story made the rounds. Actor: "How should I play this scene, Mr. Chaplin?" Reply: "Behind me and to the left." It was more than a critique of the star's egomania; it was also a comment on his politics. From the start, Chaplin



*It is Chaplin's second Academy citation. In 1929 he was honored for "the versatility and genius" of *The Circus*.

savory character . . . charged with making statements that indicate a leering, sneering attitude toward a country whose hospitality has enriched him."

When Falstaff, Shakespeare's greatest comic invention, is barred by Prince Hal, he protests: "Banish plump Jack, and you banish all the world." Banish Charlie Chaplin and you banish at least a part of the world—perhaps the best part. It came as no surprise when Chaplin, perennially adored in Europe, made this

exit permanent. The enmity continued without the target. On the West Coast, his new film *Limelight* was boycotted by theaters, and RKO's Howard Hughes urged others to cancel bookings of the movie. The *Saturday Evening Post* called Charlie a "Pink Pierrot." Throughout the U.S. the Tramp became a pariah. Still he had his champions who refused to stop smiling merely because Washington was in an inquisitory phase. "Turn the laugh on them, Charlie," beseeched I.F. Stone. "This capital needs nothing so badly as one final well-flung custard pie."

Charlie flung the pie—badly. He called it *A King in New York*, a satire on a witch-hunting nation whose investigations cause a small boy (played by Charlie's son Michael) to rage: "There's no freedom here!" King Shadov of Estrovia (Chaplin) quits the U.S. to "sit it out in Europe" until hysteria passes. It was Chaplin's first and only labor of hate, a film entirely without humor. Given this *King*, Americans winced when the Chaplin autobiography was announced. Would this be the final severance between Chaplin and the country he loved and resented? Instead, the book was a benign evasion. The bitterness was cloaked, the moral aphorisms indistinguishable from the titles in an old Biograph two-reeler. ("Sage or fool, we must all struggle with life.") It remained for the other side to signal its nonbelligerency.

The signal has been too long in coming. Only now is Hollywood willing to reassess Chaplin's "disloyalty," to recognize that the British citizen paid millions in American taxes, helped found United Artists—one of the few old studios still functioning—and provided the aesthetic foundation for every film comedian since 1920. Conversely, only now is Chaplin willing to admit "great affection for the U.S. The unpleasant things have faded."

The negative of the picture seems obvious. Hollywood scarcely exists any more. To refurbish its image, the town has taken to celebrating its past, to awarding Cary Grant the Oscar he never won, to pretending giants still walk on Vine Street. But a more spacious interpretation is needed. This last

great award to the last great clown extends beyond the pavilion. True, a few scraps of dirty snow still remain from the cold war. But the King was right. Although there was more to the cold war than hysteria, the hysteria at least has passed. America of the '70s has become a better region for the artist, a place where the old Tramp might feel free to caper and to rest. This Academy Award is more than workmen's compensation, greater than a statuette-shaped apology. It is a gesture Chaplinesque in implication. A squint of the eyes and it might even look like an entire nation shaking off its bygone disappointments and its tragic errors, kicking out its legs and setting off once more on that long and hopeful road.

■ Stefan Kanfer



was a fan of sentimental collectivism, of revolution seen through a scrim. He needed no Bolshevik primer on poverty. Charlie had risen from the darkest of London slums. His father was a drunk; his mother sewed blouses for 1½ pence per. He and his half brother Sydney had gone the rounds of London's forbidding schools for the destitute. Chaplin's great creation is a waif in the tradition of Pip and Oliver and David Copperfield. Like Dickens, Chaplin never forgot the wink of the pavement and the leer of the gutter. Also like Dickens, he was enchanted with radical politics—at a proper distance. In fact, despite his sponsorship of Soviet-American friendship meetings and loud avowal of Stalinist causes, Chaplin was the kind of political naïf who would only fellow-travel in first class.

When the Hollywood Ten were exorcised from the film industry, Chaplin offered his voice to the choir of protest. Two years later, one of the ten, Alvah Bessie, called on Chaplin begging for a writing assignment. How about a movie on Don Quixote, Bessie spatballed, with you as Sancho Panza and Walter Huston as Don? "They'd crucify me," Chaplin told him crisply and offered a farewell handshake. When Bessie morosely withdrew, he found a folded hundred-dollar bill in his palm.

That was about the extent of Chaplin's Red menace. It was enough. By 1952 the sexual scandals had proliferated; he had been fingerprinted and tried for violation of the Mann Act (innocent) and in a paternity suit (guilty). More, the cold war had frozen the country's sense of humor. Congressman John Rankin of Mississippi fulminated against some socially conscious paintings. "I am sure," he said, "that some of them got into the home of Charles Chaplin, the perverted subject of Great Britain who has become notorious for his forcible seduction of white girls." Rankin was correct in one respect, and it was the one that irritated more enlightened legislators: Chaplin had resided in America for more than three decades, but he had never forsaken his British citizenship. Inevitably Chaplin was subpoenaed by the House Un-American Activities Committee. It was his chance to play David with the Philistines. Instead, he sent a brief wire: I AM NOT A COMMUNIST; NEITHER HAVE I EVER JOINED ANY POLITICAL PARTY OR ORGANIZATION IN MY LIFE, I AM WHAT YOU CALL A "PEACE-MONSTER." I HOPE THIS WILL NOT OFFEND YOU.

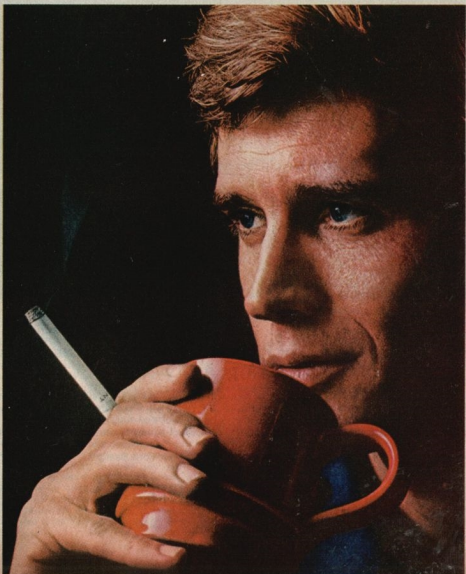
The Government's response was a classic in xenophobia. In 1952, Chaplin and his fourth wife Oona were in mid-Atlantic when they heard the news. Attorney General James P. McGranery had instructed immigration authorities to detain Chaplin on his return. "If assertions about Mr. Chaplin are true," said McGranery, "he is, in my judgment, an un-



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GOVERNMENT

Questions About a Cozy Relationship

THE Secretary of Commerce is the spokesman for business in the Cabinet, and for the past three years Maurice Stans performed that duty with great though often misguided zeal. He fought for quotas on textile imports and large subsidies to shipyards; he argued forcefully against strict consumer protection and antipollution standards that might put an expensive burden on industry. On Feb. 15, Stans resigned to take a new job as chief fund raiser for President Nixon's reelection campaign. With equal ardor, he is now bracing presumably grateful executives for contributions.

In at least three meetings with top businessmen at the St. Louis Club, at a club in Chicago called The Casino and at an Olin Corp. game preserve near Brighton, Ill., Stans has bluntly asked executives to donate stock or cash. His guideline: each executive should contribute up to 1% of his personal net worth. He also has pressed businessmen to hurry up and give as much as possible before April 7 in order to avoid the disclosure of donations required by a law that takes effect on that date. The law was praised by the President because it will give "the American public facts about political financing." All the more reason, apparently, for hustling in contributions earlier. In a recent letter to potential contributors, Thomas P. Pike, a Stans lieutenant in California, pointed out that the public will know nothing about pre-April 7 gifts, but "you may be assured that he [the President] will be personally apprised of your support."

The Stans pitch is perfectly legal. But it underscores again the symbiotic relationship between big business and the incumbent Administration. That relationship is the real focus of the uproar about International Telephone and Telegraph Corp.'s promise to help finance this summer's Republican National Convention, and the subsequent out-of-court settlement of a major antitrust case on terms relatively favorable to ITT. That case reached some kind of high point last week in one of the strangest Senate hearings ever held. Testifying from her Denver hospital bed, propped up on pillows and hooked up to heart monitoring equipment, ITT Lobbyist Dita Beard "categorically" but unconvincingly denied that she had written the celebrated memo released by Columnist Jack Anderson. She did admit writing a similar memo in which she supposedly discussed ITT's pledged contribution, but not the antitrust cases. Asked why she had not repudiated the Anderson document earlier, she replied that she had "no one to turn to"—ignoring the battery of ITT lawyers who had been advising her. After two and a half hours of questioning, Mrs. Beard collapsed with chest pains, and worried Judiciary Committee members called off their polite interrogation. Back in Washington this week, they will vote on whether to continue the ITT probe.

Whatever the outcome, and despite the fact that no wrongdoing has been proven, the case has stirred nasty charges of favoritism to friends and political contributors that are especially embarrassing to an Administration that came to office pledging evenhandedness in all its policies.

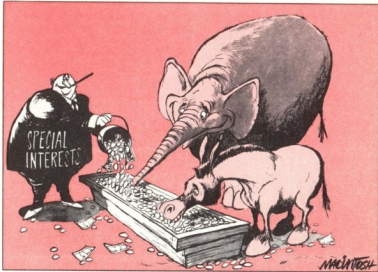
Subtle Dealings. Coziness between business and whichever party is in power is rarely a crude *quid pro quo* arrangement. In the world where high finance joins high politics, deals are usually far more subtle. Whether or not they contribute to political campaign funds, corporate leaders have as much right as any other citizen to expect an Administration to listen sympathetically to their complaints or

requests. The most that the businessman can expect is for a high official to call a bureaucrat and ask him to investigate the matter. White House Aide Peter Flanigan, who has become the Administration's chief hand holder for business, readily admits to making many such calls. All he asks, he says, is that a federal department or agency "take a look at" the case. But that is plenty. Flanigan is surely aware of the galvanic effect of such a call on bureaucrats whose careers can rise or fall with changes in White House favor.

Concern for business is far from a Republican monopoly. Many executives court Democrats whether or not the party controls the White House. "There isn't a big business operation in Washington that doesn't work both sides of the street," says White House Special Counsel Harry Dent. Indeed, no Administration could ignore the views of businessmen, whose decisions create jobs and income.

Democrat John F. Kennedy created the "President's

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Club" of \$1,000 contributors whose members got invitations to rub elbows with the Chief Executive. During Kennedy's Administration, Myer Feldman performed the job now done by Peter Flanigan with such success that a colleague once hung a red light outside his office—a blunt suggestion that he was the call boy of business. Democrats have, in fact, suffered their share of allegations that business influence on their decisions went beyond the bounds of propriety. Republican eyebrows shot high when the Johnson Administration in 1966 dropped an antitrust case against beer-brewing Anheuser-Busch three weeks after the chairman, August A. Busch Jr., his wife and other executives and wives contributed \$10,000 to the President's Club. Years before, Labor Boss John L. Lewis growled that "the only difference between Republicans and Democrats is that the Republicans stay tough. Democrats keep coming back for more."

Such hyperbole aside, there are important differences in atmosphere between the Nixon Administration and its Democratic predecessors. The key word for all who want something from Washington is access—the ability to see a top official to press a plea in person. Under Democratic Administrations, labor leaders have had the quickest entrée.

BUSINESS

For campaign funds, says a Nixon White House aide, "labor is the Fort Knox of the Democratic Party." Moreover, labor leaders can offer votes as well as money. Though every Democratic President has had some businessmen chums, the Democrats generally have made a conscious effort to keep favor-seeking contributors away from the White House and route them to lower levels.

By contrast, reports TIME's Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sidey, "Nixon has gathered the power to himself and his few trusted men. The action is in the White House; the rest of the bureaucracy is paralyzed with fear of those White House aides. More corporate representatives find their way into the White House back rooms than in the two previous Administrations. Nixon's public entertainments embrace more big businessmen than his predecessors ever saw. John Mitchell, acting probably as an old acquaintance, has referred people to certain lawyers and influence men who stand the best chance of getting the job done."

The imperatives of political financing are not the only reason for the easy access of corporate leaders to G.O.P. officials. Many Republican politicians come from the world of big-time corporations, banks and law firms. Even the Labor Department, which is supposed to represent labor's point of view to the Administration and vice versa, is top-loaded with former corporate executives. Its high officials are alumni of Lockheed, Ford, Cities Service, American Motors, Bethle-

phre and \$1,666 to Edmund Muskie. Despite the striking difference in contributions, both Senators joined in supporting bills that would have forced an increase in support prices had Hardin not granted it.

Hardin says that the dairy officials, at their meeting with him and the President, presented data that made him question whether, in his original decision to freeze support prices, he had given "sufficient weight" to increases in dairymen's feed costs. Presumably those data had somehow escaped the attention of Agriculture Department economists and the President's Council of Economic Advisers, who had supported Hardin's initial attempt to hold down subsidies.

POSTAL BONDS. When the Post Office was transformed into an independent Government corporation in 1971, it faced the necessity of raising its own operating capital. Officials decided to sell \$10 billion of bonds over ten years to buy new machinery. First Boston Corp., a prestigious Wall Street investment banking house, had some advice for James Hargrove, then Senior Assistant Postmaster General. If the postal corporation marketed the bonds through the U.S. Treasury, it could save on interest costs and avoid the need for private underwriters. (Underwriters buy bonds from the issuer, in this case the Post Office, at a discount below par value and then resell the bonds to the public for whatever price they can get.) Hargrove rejected the advice. He feared that such a move would encourage postal officials to maintain the hab-

it of relying on the Treasury to bail them out if they lost money. He then chose the underwriters by negotiation, rather than inviting competitive bids.

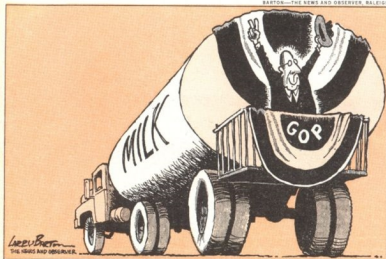
Hargrove selected five underwriters, including two that had little experience in marketing Federal Government bonds. One was Dillon Read, a firm in which Peter Flanigan was once a vice-president. Another underwriter was Kidder, Peabody, which retained Jack A. Gleason, active Republican fund raiser, to help get the postal-bond business. Albert H. Gordon, chairman of the firm, says he cannot recall exactly what Gleason did or how much he was paid. Legal work on the bonds—a lucrative but undemanding chore that consists largely of making sure that prospectuses are accurate—is being handled by Mudge Rose Guthrie & Alexander, a firm whose partners until 1968 included Richard Nixon and John Mitchell.

By Wall Street standards the postal-bond business is not excessively rich. Each of the five underwriters stood to make a commission of at most \$63,250 on the first \$250 million of bonds; their profits, of course, will multiply if they are retained for subsequent issues. Mudge Rose may collect

\$1 million or more in fees over ten years if it acts as counsel for all \$10 billion of bond offerings. What the whole affair seems to illustrate is an old-school-tie network in operation among financiers, Wall Street lawyers and Administration officials.

OIL QUOTAS. Under President Eisenhower, the Government began holding oil imports to 12.2% of domestic production; President Kennedy agreed in 1962 to have the quotas frozen into law. The justification is supposed to be the need for encouraging domestic oil exploration in order to maintain reserves for national defense, but the quotas operate like a subsidy by enabling companies to keep U.S. oil prices well above levels in the rest of the world. Official federal estimates are that this system costs American consumers \$5 billion to \$7 billion a year in bloated prices.

Early in the Nixon Administration, pressures for change were rising, and the President appointed the Cabinet-level task force to study the quotas. As chairman he chose George Shultz, then Secretary of Labor and a dedicated free enterpriser. By late 1969, word leaked to the oil industry that the task force seemed ready to recommend letting in more foreign fuel. The oilmen were worried. But they are big contributors to both parties; in 1968, Texas oilmen gave generously to both the Nixon and Humphrey campaigns through John Connally, then Governor and now Secretary of the Treas-



hem Steel and Olin. Corporate executives often can approach White House aides as friends. But whatever a businessman's connections, there is no doubt that campaign contributions ease access to any Administration's decision makers. One high White House aide says: "If I give \$100,000 and you give \$10, of course I have more pull. And I should. I have a bigger stake in things than you do."

The results of access vary, but many businessmen have got much of what they wanted. Some examples:

MILK PRICES. On March 12, 1971, Clifford Hardin, then Secretary of Agriculture, announced that there would be no increase in support prices for milk during the next year. Ten days later, a large dairy cooperative gave \$10,000 to four Republican Party committees through its political arm, TAPE (Trust for Agricultural Political Education). The next day, 16 officials of dairymen's co-ops met privately with Nixon and Hardin. According to Hardin, they argued that increases in their costs demanded a boost in the support price. Two days after that, Hardin raised the support price from \$4.66 to \$4.93 per 100 lbs. of liquid milk, a move that has cost the Government \$125 million in subsidies in the past year and that has raised prices to consumers. Three political committees of dairy co-ops have given more than \$400,000 to Republican Party or Nixon re-election committees over the past year. In 1970, dairymen also gave \$5,000 to Hubert Hum-

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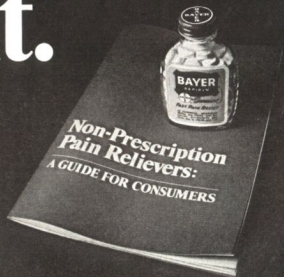
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BUSINESS

sury. In November 1969, Michael Haider, retired chairman of Jersey Standard, met privately with Nixon.

Haider refuses now to disclose what was said, but at the time he told a trade paper that he thought the President had "a good grasp of the problem." The next month John Mitchell, who was not a member of the task force, appeared at its final meeting to warn Shultz: "Don't box the President in." Despite that warning, the task force voted 5 to 2 to replace the quotas with a less restrictive tariff. The tariff would have diverted revenue of \$1.5 billion a year from oil companies to the Government. Nixon told the task force to restudy the matter. He also dumped Shultz as chairman and replaced him with Mitchell. In August 1970 the task force announced that the quotas would not be moved.

Soft and Tough. Time after time the Nixon Administration has shown its protective concern for business. In 1970 it unsuccessfully sought congressional approval of a federal loan intended to save the Penn Central railroad from bankruptcy. Last year, with loud labor support, it won a Government guarantee of a \$250 million loan to bail out Lockheed Aircraft—over the protests of a coalition of politicians and businessmen who contended that in a competitive economy inefficient companies should be allowed to go broke.

As for the regulatory agencies, for the most part they have droned on in their accustomed close relationship with the industries that they police. The Interstate Commerce Commission, for example, continues to keep rail rates at levels that seem intended to ensure the survivability of the least efficient carrier on any route. The Federal Communications Commission has been exceedingly slow even to authorize market tests of cable TV which would introduce uncomfortable competition for existing stations.

It is also true, however, that the Administration sometimes has been tough with business. Under Nixon-appointed chairmen, the long-somnolent Federal Trade Commission has turned into a severe critic of misleading advertising and promotion practices. It told consumers that some *Reader's Digest* contests were deceptive; that Wonder bread (made by a division of ITT), which claims to spur children's growth, is no better than other breads; that Profile bread has fewer calories only because it is sliced thinner; that there was little Vitamin C in Hi-C fruit drink. Moreover, apart from the ITT affair, the Administration has generally pursued a strong antitrust policy. Businessmen commonly complain that Republicans are more vigorous trustbusters than Democrats.

Expediency. On balance, however, Administration actions that please businessmen clearly outweigh those that displease them—although that fact certainly does not prove improper business influence. In judging any policy, EPA Administrator William Ruckelshaus points out, the test is not who saw whom but "whether the decisions are in the public interest." Even partisan Democrats concede that Republican officials genuinely believe that their pro-business actions are good for the country.

Any Administration's policy judgments, of course, are open to dispute. In some cases, the Nixon Administration seems to have mistaken the good of one industry for the good of business generally. The oil quotas, for example, raise costs to all fuel users—industrial as well as individual consumers. Only the oil companies benefit.

The worst aspect of the ITT case is the hint of favoritism to political contributors. But even if no such favoritism was

involved, the out-of-court settlement is unsatisfying. Former Top Trustbuster Richard McLaren filed three suits against ITT in hopes of forcing a Supreme Court ruling on the most pressing problem of antitrust law: whether, and under what circumstances, "conglomerate" mergers that create giant corporations operating in dozens of unrelated businesses are illegal. Then, rather than go to court, McLaren agreed to a settlement that will let ITT keep the billion-dollar Hartford Fire Insurance Co., on the condition that ITT sell several lesser operations. His mind was changed, he says, by a report from an outside analyst commissioned by Peter Flanigan. After two days of study, the analyst concluded that if ITT were forced to sell Hartford, the price of its stock might drop about 16%, and ITT might have to cut its dividend.

Whatever the merit of that "hardship" argument, the legal status of conglomerate mergers has been left as uncertain as ever. If the outcome of the ITT-Hartford Fire case suggests any standard, it is one of sheer expediency. Conglomerate mergers, it seems, are tolerable if the Administration can be persuaded that breaking them up would shock the stock market. (ITT stock actually dropped about 14% in the first two days after announcement of the settlement

HESSE—ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

last summer, but by January it had recovered all the loss.)

Way to Trust. Questions of form as well as substance must also be considered in any assessment of business-Government relations. Private meetings between Administration leaders and high corporate executives, followed by action favorable to the executives, inevitably give the appearance of a fix, whatever the facts. Public cynicism about political morality can only be compounded when former Administration policymakers become fund raisers, as Stans has done, and plead for large, secret contributions from the very businessmen whose interests they have defended in Washington.

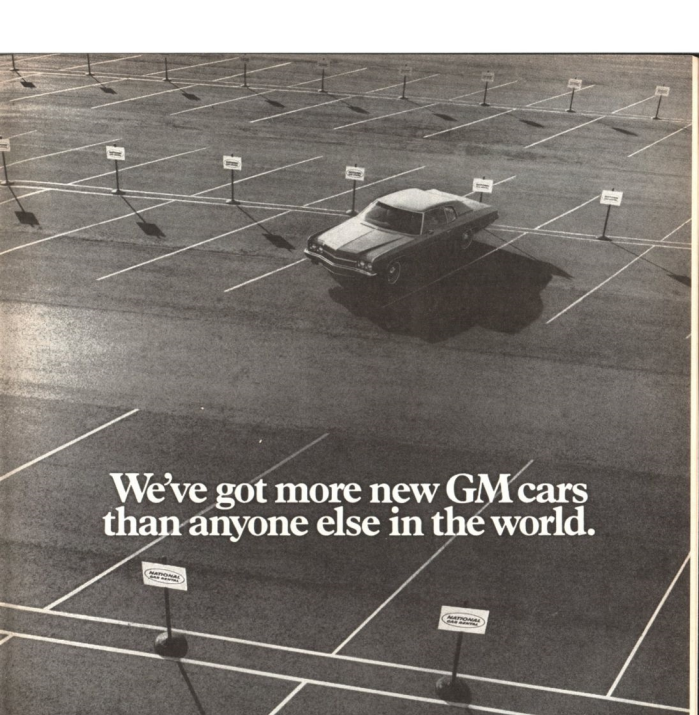
Old pols generally say there is little chance to change things. Businessmen and labor leaders who can bankroll campaigns and influence blocs of voters will always have easy access to Administration offices. California Democratic Leader Jess Unruh observes with resignation: "The buddy system works. The rich and powerful know the rich and powerful. Political contributions are the singletree between the mule's ears; the singletree is there to get the mule's attention."

Still, some steps toward reform could be taken. Federal financing of election campaigns is worth serious examination. There are many unresolved problems as to how it would work and how funds could be apportioned fairly to minority parties and political mavericks as well as Democratic and Republican campaigners. But federal bankrolling of electioneering would at least reduce the pressure on needy politicians to beg funds from greedy contributors who are delighted to have potential officeholders in their debt.

In the absence of a federal financing law, the best antidote for public suspicion may be a strict limit on the size of campaign contributions, combined with relentless publicity for all large donations. The law taking effect April 7 will be some help. Beyond that, all meetings between Administration officials and favor seekers should be publicly announced. Such policies would go against all the inclinations of many politicians from both parties, and of the businessmen and labor leaders who expect their contributions to buy influence. But continuing to transact public business in private is a sure way to destroy whatever faith is left in the honesty and credibility of the Government.



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Sebring's Last Stand

Since it was first run 22 years ago, the Sebring 12-hour endurance test has occupied a special place in U.S. auto racing. Despite its increasingly dilapidated, dead-flat track and spartan spectator facilities, it has invariably attracted top drivers and big crowds eager for a taste of European-style sports-car racing. But the event may finally have run its course—at least on its existing track around a World War II airport. TIME Correspondent Peter Range attended this year's race:

The road to Sebring is lined with dead aradillos crushed by hot-rods headed for the race, speeding through pungent clouds of orange-blossom fragrance. On either side are expansive, marshy pastures, dotted with browsing brahma bulls and heifers. There are other signs of the area's normal atmosphere—the Sebring without gears. On the town's outskirts sit neatly tended villages of mobile homes and shuffleboard courts. Sebring is middle Florida, where the air is clean and dry, and the main profession is retirement.

Many of the area's permanent residents regard the race as an intruder, a sort of raucously blasting road runner in their Garden of Eden. Indeed, the Sebring race milieu can be something of a shambles—Woodstock without music. But as U.S. auto-racing events go, the Sebring also has touches of Continental class. It is characterized more by ascots than bandannas; French, Italian and British accents mingle with the Southern drawl; in the parking lots, truck campers rest cheek by cowl with Lamborghinis and Maseratis.

"This race is more than a race," says

Chicagoan Carl Haas, manager of a Lola team. "It's a social event, just like Le Mans. It's a bit of a mecca. It's got its own sort of flavor." In fact it sometimes seems that the race is a secondary event, little more than a 100-decibel background for the real thing: drinking, talking and gawking, or in the long stretches of the night, cooking steaks over flickering grills and crackling yet another six-pack.

By day, it was 78°, and the gawking was good. Among the women in the crowd of 60,000, the braless look and tight pants predominated. The very beautiful and the very rich wandered in and out of the blue-and-white-striped "Members Only" tent. At \$8 a head, families took seven-minute swoops over the track in helicopters. Others toiled up and down the old, cracked fighter-bomber runways of the airport in open M.G.s, yellow Jags and dune buggies.

But there was also a race. And even if its 60 entries included only two factory teams, the cherry red cars of Ferrari and the blood red cars of Alfa Romeo, they provided more than a diverting show. Bouncing around the bumpy track's 5.2-mile course, with its twelve S's, hair-raising hairpin and assorted other curves, only 27 of the entries managed to finish. Mechanical mishaps took the biggest toll. Peter Revson, driving one of the four Alfa Romeo Spydys, was eliminated for flourishing a finger obscenely at a track official who had chastised him for illegally passing another car under a yellow caution flag.

Revson's ejection did not help the Alfa Romeo team's chances. As it turned out, they needed all the help they could get against a Ferrari team that combined the lightest and fastest cars on the track, a superbly efficient pit crew

and a gung-ho gang of drivers. American Mario Andretti helped Ferrari to its ninth Sebring victory; it was his third win there. With his co-driver, Belgian Jacky Ickx, Andretti led for most of the race, setting a new course record of 259 laps, at an average speed of 111.508 m.p.h. Another Ferrari finished second, two laps back; an Alfa Romeo was a distant third.

At the victory brunch the next day, white-haired Sebring Promoter Alex Ulmann declared: "This will be the last race run on this track." Ulmann has said it before, but everybody seemed to believe him this time. The international sanctioning body barely permitted the race to be run this year, and is insisting on significant improvements, mostly for safety. Upgrading the present track seems to be out of the question; the primary lease is held by a local civic group that has other plans for the property. So the search is on for a new site. Says Ulmann: "We already have a date in 1973, but where it will be, nobody knows."

The Wooden Touch

When he was a 5-ft. 10½-in. guard at Purdue, John Robert Wooden used to fling himself toward the hoop with such desire that he once ended up in the fifth row of the college band. Today, his fellow coaches in college basketball have good reason to wish Wooden had got permanently stuck in a tuba. For defeating the Wooden-coached U.C.L.A. Bruins has become as seemingly impossible as shooting a winning basket while sitting down—another feat of Wooden's playing career at Purdue.

Compounding the evidence of omnipotence, the Bruins swept through the National Collegiate Athletic Association championship once again this year, beating scrappy Florida State 81-76 in the final. It marked the Bruins' sixth straight victory in the championship, now known in some circles as the U.C.L.A. Invitational. It was also the Bruins' eighth title in the past nine years and their 45th consecutive victory in regular-season games and playoffs. And the end is not in sight. Four of this year's five starters, including the college player of the year, Sophomore Center Bill Walton, will be back next year.

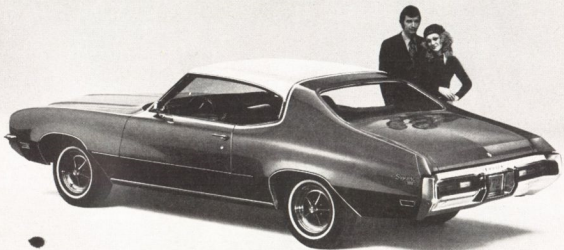
Only Four. The U.C.L.A. dynasty is Wooden's creation. Since he started coaching basketball at Dayton High School in Kentucky in the '30s, he has shown that the Wooden touch is golden. His high school and college teams have won 80% of their games. At U.C.L.A., where he became head basketball coach in 1948, Wooden has gotten better and better; his teams have taken only five losses in the last six seasons.

A onetime Indiana farm boy who looks like an English teacher (which he was) and talks like a teetotaling church deacon (which he is), Wooden at 61 still stresses the coaching tenets he learned at Purdue under the late Ward ("Pig-

CO-DRIVERS MARIO ANDRETTI & JACKY ICKX AFTER FERRARI VICTORY



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gie") Lambert: "Get the players in the best of condition, and make them believe they are in better condition than our opponents, so they won't fold in the second half. Teach them to execute the fundamentals quickly but without hurrying. Get them to play as a team, always thinking of passing the ball before shooting it."

Jesus Christ. Wooden is inclined to minimize the U.C.L.A. recruiting program. He leaves most of it to his assistants and likes to point out that they concentrate on local California boys. But others note that Wooden's saintly demeanor can be formidable in a favored prospect's home. Says one rival coach: "We thought we had a kid sewed up, but then Jesus Christ walked in. The kids' parents about fell over. How can you recruit against that?"

Wooden has shown that he can win with almost any kind of lineup. His first titles at U.C.L.A. came with fast but small teams led by Walt Hazzard and Gail Goodrich; then came the three-year era of giant Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (then known as Lew Alcindor); medium-sized teams led by Sidney Wicks followed. Now he has another outstanding giant in red-haired, freckle-faced Bill Walton. A 6-ft. 11-in. 19-year-old, Walton led the Bruins in scoring (24) and rebounding (20) in the final against Florida State but talked afterward as if they had lost. "We didn't play well," he snapped. "There's no reason for elation."

Inevitably, the comparison of the past and present Bruin giants has begun. It annoys Walton. "Jabbar was—and is—Jabbar," he says. "It may be 20 years before somebody like him comes along again." In fact, it is too early to tell if Walton is better than Jabbar. A valid comparison may have to await Walton's entry into the pro ranks. Clearly, he will command a huge salary. But Walton appears unmoved by the prospect. "Playing pro ball doesn't mean that much to me," he says. "Sometimes it seems the pros don't have as much fun as they could. Playing at U.C.L.A. is enjoyable."

□ □ □

Last week marked the end of the career of Wooden's only rival in the pantheon of college basketball coaches, Adolph Frederick Rupp. After 42 years as coach at the University of Kentucky, the rambunctious Rupp—often called "The Baron" and sometimes "Old Rupp and Ready"—finally and reluctantly capitulated to age. He passed the university's mandatory retirement age of 70 this past season, and a statewide campaign by well-wishers failed to have the rule waived. Largely because of his long tenure at Kentucky, Rupp's teams have won more games (879) than Wooden's (801). But the last of Kentucky's four N.C.A.A. championships was in 1958. While Rupp was awaiting word on his forced retirement, he declared: "They can leave me with my team, or they may as well take me out to the Lexington cemetery."



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Lost in Space

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE

Directed by GEORGE ROY HILL
Screenplay by STEPHEN GELLER

Billy Pilgrim (Michael Sacks) is an innocent, and this Pilgrim's Progress is a capricious pirouette down the corridors of time. *Slaughterhouse-Five* was Kurt Vonnegut's most widely popular novel, an attempt to impose comic order onto moral chaos. But it has been adapted here with undue reverence. The movie cuts from World War II, where Pilgrim is a P.O.W. during the fire-bombing of Dresden, through his model suburbanite life in Ilium, N.Y., to an improbable future on the planet of Tralfamadore, where he is doomed to pass eternity with a molestable movie star named Montana Wildhack (Valerie Perrine). In its elaborate structure and editing, its leaping bounds between fact and fancy, the film is like a version of *Last Year in Marienbad* revised for showing on *Sesame Street*.

As in Vonnegut, liberal quantities of whimsy are poured through the plot like so many doses of barium. The viewer is supposed to have a sense of the spiritual crisis brought on by Billy's experience in the Dresden bombing. Having found solace with Montana, he announces, "If we're going to survive, it's necessary to concentrate on the good moments and forget the bad." Shortly afterward, his baby is born, the universe rejoices, the firmament lights up with fireworks. As a resolution of plot and a reconciliation of historical horror, this amounts to a cosmic lollipop.

As directed by George Roy Hill, the film is alternately flashy and mean spirited. In one scene the audience is invited to have a few laughs over the blub-

bering anxiety of Billy's wife (Sharon Gans) as she races recklessly to visit him in the hospital. Valerie Perrine is charming, sensual and funny as Montana, and Ron Leibman and Eugene Roche struggle valiantly to pump life into the roles of Billy's fellow prisoners. Michael Sacks, in his first screen performance, seems desperately in need of vocational guidance. ■ Jay Cocks

Popular Mechanics

WHAT'S UP, DOC?

Directed by PETER BOGDANOVICH
Screenplay by BUCK HENRY, DAVID NEWMAN and ROBERT BENTON

Director Bogdanovich's intention here was to do a pastiche of '30s screwball comedy, particularly of Howard Hawks' *Bringing Up Baby*, whose plot he lifted and whose blisteringly fast pace he attempted to emulate. He also borrowed from other sources as varied as Buster Keaton and Animator Chuck (Roadrunner) Jones. The result is a comedy made by a man who has seen a lot of movies, knows all the mechanics, and has absolutely no sense of humor. Seeing *What's Up, Doc?* is like shaking hands with a joker holding a Joy Buzzer. The effect is both presumptuous and unpleasant.

The action rebounds off a totally deranged romance between a muddled musicologist (Ryan O'Neal) and a dizzy perennial student (Barbra Streisand). There are also a couple of casual subplots involving hotel jewel thieves and a crew of especially clumsy secret agents on the track of some top-secret documents. It all ends with everyone pursuing everyone else up and down the hills of San Francisco in a chase scene that is loaded with spectacular stunts but notably short on laughs.

There is a lot of furious movement throughout the film, but no real zest or fun. Since O'Neal's character is involved with a noodle-headed research project about the musical qualities of stones, there are more jokes than anyone would care to hear along the lines of "Get your hands off my rocks."

The cast is singularly strident. As a pompous Middle European intellectual, Kenneth Mars mugs and drools in a manner that Jerry Lewis might find excessive. Madeline Kahn, who plays O'Neal's officious fiancée, rolls over her part like one of Patton's tanks. Liam Dunn is fitfully funny as a demented judge, but he too finally succumbs to the prevailing hysteria.

O'Neal is so stiff and clumsy an actor that he cannot even manage a part requiring him to be stiff and clumsy. As for Barbra Streisand, her macaw manner and self-congratulatory cuteness are displayed here to the usual excess. ■ J.C.



TABORI & INDIANS IN *ROSEBUD*

Bad Medicine

JOURNEY THROUGH ROSEBUD

Directed by TOM GRIES
Screenplay by ALBERT RUBEN

Having done the American Indian plenty of dirt over the years, using him either as stock villain or fall guy, Hollywood is trying to set matters right. If *Journey Through Rosebud* is any indication the Indians were better off being portrayed as blood-crazed savages. At least that left them some dignity.

Rosebud is a condescending attempt to portray the social problems of the contemporary Indian. Danny (Kristoffer Tabori), a draft dodger from San Francisco in flight from the Feds, winds up in Rosebud, S. Dak., in the middle of the Sioux reservation. He decides to stick around and groove on the Indians. The Indians don't much like it.

Had the movie chosen to be about this clash of cultures, then *Rosebud* might have been hard-edged and fairly exciting. Instead it watches Danny try to make friends with an Indian named Frank (Robert Forster), who is consumed by angst and alcohol. Danny also pays a lot of attention to Frank's ex-wife (Victoria Racimo), a situation that eventually gives Frank an excuse to rack himself up in the final scenes.

Save for the novelty of its setting, the script would not pass muster on daytime television. Occasionally Director Tom Gries (*Will Penny*) turns his camera onto an Indian ritual, but without any discernible insight or feeling. Miss Racimo passes the time being cuddle-some, and Tabori is convincingly offensive as Danny. Robert Forster's performance is proof positive that, all rumors to the contrary, they're still making cigar-store Indians. ■ J.C.

SACKS & PERRINE IN *SLAUGHTERHOUSE*



Random Act

AN AMERICAN DEATH

by GEROLD FRANK

467 pages. Doubleday, \$10.

Every investigative reporter in the country must have written an assassination book by now. The form is a new American genre, perhaps creeping up on science fiction and detective stories. It is an honorable enough trade, as massively practiced on Martin Luther King Jr. and James Earl Ray by Gerold Frank, who seems to have graduated from his role as a semi-disembodied ghostwriter for actresses. Delving into all the details and mysteries that still surround King's murder, Frank presents evidence, conflicting reports, false leads, rumors, opinions and untruths in more or less the order in which a dispassionate insider—had one existed—might have come upon them himself.

Ray at first claimed to have received money and instructions from a shadowy French Canadian seaman named Raoul. As the case developed, the "Ray alone" theory seemed to many to have inconsistencies. In the end most are satisfactorily resolved. A false citizen-band radio report on the day of the murder, telling of a 100-m.p.h. chase after a white Mustang thought to be driven by Ray, proved to be not the work of confederates but of a teen-age prankster. There is no real mystery about Ray's source of cash either: he was a professional stickup man. It was his character, both erratic and highly methodical, that gave him the look of a man following directions. Pursuing Frank's arguments the reader comes to the conviction that there was no conspiracy.

Gerold Frank is an incorrigible gleaner. He tells of a black photographer who collected King's blood in a pill bottle and a white doctor, with no special admiration for King, who nevertheless saved the cardiograph tape of his last heartbeats. In presenting King him-

self, the author shows the man's moodiness and tension and his fears that the coming Poor People's March on Washington would fail to revive the nonviolent movement. But there is no real assessment of King as a complex man who had roiled the South but failed to stir the Northern cities deeply enough.

Frank's picture of Ray, though, is remarkable, far more than a collection of macabre bits. It will not satisfy anyone who feels compelled to believe in conspiracy. But it will delight those who think that life is meaningless and random. Ray's life, his convictions for small-time robberies, his year of wandering after his escape from a Missouri prison in April 1967 and his resolve at some point during that year to kill the black man who had won the Nobel Peace Prize, all seem virtually pointless.

Why did Ray decide to kill King? Given his predicament and character, why not? He was a savage racist. He was a 40-year-old escapee with 13 years still to serve for robbing a supermarket and with more to be added for the escape, if caught. In effect, he was a lifer, and he was convinced that no Southern jury would condemn a white to death for murdering a black. He had nothing to lose. What had he to gain? The esteem of his convict peers, Frank suggests, as well as the satisfaction of baffling the world by escaping, and then remaining an enigma after his capture.

Then why not admit that he did it singlehanded? Percy Foreman, his second lawyer, asked Ray just this, suggesting that a man acting on principle might command at least some respect from a jury. Ray was unmoved. Why? Frank reasons that Ray wanted to be thought a hired gunman, simply because gunmen are at the top of the prison pecking order. He was going back into the con world, a big man at last, and he wasn't about to step out of the pose. When Ray pleaded guilty, he avoided the trial which might have proved he did it on his own.

■ John Skow

THE WORLD OF GEORGE ORWELL

edited by MIRIAM GROSS

182 pages. Simon & Schuster, \$12.95.

Coming Up for Air, George Orwell's fictional elegy for a vanished England, includes a celebration of boyhood fishing. The catch is lowly tench and carp, but the thrill comes from sitting by a green pool ringed with beech trees and watching a huge pike "that was basking in the reeds turn and plunge." Pike were beyond the boy's reach: "They'd have broken any tackle I possessed."

Orwell himself was just such an elusive creature. He was a great political journalist, the disquieting conscience of socialism during the '30s and '40s, and finally, a marvelous sort of intellectual Aesop (*Animal Farm*, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*). A description he wrote of Dickens fits Orwell just as well: "A free intelligence, a type hated with equal hatred by all the smelly little orthodoxes which are now contending for our souls."

When he was dying in 1950 of tuberculosis, Orwell asked that his biography not be written, and so far no full-scale life has appeared. Meanwhile, there is this heavily illustrated but rather thin collection of essays and recollections by British friends and critics. It must be said that the big fish sails easily past all 18 contributors, but by now Orwell's admirers are willing to settle for discussions of tackle. Novelist-Critic John Wain and Journalist Ian Hamilton write knowledgeably about Orwell's extraordinary intellectual independence and social concern in the '30s. Critics William Empson and Malcolm Muggeridge provide more personal touches about the last decade of his life. Almost a quarter of the book is pictures. The best, of the saucy boy and the sepulchrally thin young Etonian, are new and fascinating; thereafter the material tends to decline toward portraits of miners, soldiers and literary friends of the author.

Wain is particularly acute on Orwell's impact on his contemporaries. Or-

RAY ON HIS WAY TO PRISON IN 1969



MARTIN LUTHER KING JR. IN MEMPHIS MARCH THE WEEK BEFORE ASSASSINATION



well saw through leftist cant and he saw through Stalin—which tended to make him unpopular with his natural allies. In 1935 the late leftist publisher Victor Gollancz subsidized *The Road to Wigan Pier*, Orwell's classic report on wretched British mining conditions. It turned out to be a hot coal indeed. In a pusillanimous preface, Gollancz deplored Orwell's "general dislike of Russia" and added with evident shock: "He even commits the curious indiscretion of referring to Russian commissars as 'half-gramophones, half-gangsters.'"

In "Arguments Against Orwell" D.A.N. Jones, a longtime contributor to the *New Statesman*, presents the only openly anti-Orwell opinion. Jones' arguments boil down to the complaint that Orwell was a spoiler who despised committees and wrote "unhelpful articles." No doubt he did enrage manifesto writers and other sincere activists. In his passion to clarify, he could see both sides of almost every question. If he were alive today, according to Jones, he would be reminding antiwar demonstrators about Viet Cong atrocities.

The freshest parts of the book are the glimpses of the private man. Orwell suppressed his real name, Eric Blair, and depicted his early years as dismal; but a childhood friend, one Jacintha Buddicom, remembers him as a funny, spirited lad. She thinks Orwell effaced his real name and childhood simply because they were ordinary and happy. It seems likely, however, that the young writer was simply forging a new artistic identity for himself and discarding the privileged-class identification. Later on he liked to affect a Cockney accent and slurp his tea from the saucer, having first blown upon it vigorously.

Malcolm Muggeridge writes touchingly about Orwell's last days. He was only 46 when he died, and he had been married three months to a beautiful young woman named Sonia. The wedding took place in the hospital, and Novelist Anthony Powell gave him a mauve smoking jacket for the occasion, which he continued to wear. The man whose pessimistic view of the future is embodied in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was personally joyful, doubtless because of his new wife, and full of plans, including one for a kitchen with all-black rubber fixtures. If he were alive today, he would only be 68. One wonders hungrily what he would be saying now, just twelve years before 1984.

■ Martha Duffy

First Press Lord

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by PAUL FERRIS
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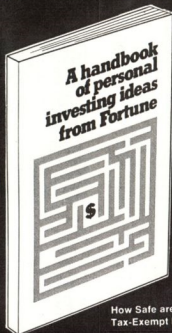
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haps not in journalism anywhere—who suited it better.

Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, first (and only) Viscount Northcliffe, was indubitably the First Press Lord of Britain. Northcliffe's *Daily Mail* was the first 1,000,000-circulation newspaper. He founded the *Daily Mirror*, which at 4.3 million is still the world's largest English-language daily. He owned the *Times*, the *Observer*, not to mention what was then the world's largest magazine-publishing business. By the end of World War I, he considered himself important enough to make a virtual takeover bid for the Lloyd George administration, proposing to the Prime Minister that he be allowed to vet his ministerial appointments (Lloyd George declined). Northcliffe died mad at 57, in 1922.

Novelist-Reporter Paul Ferris, who

PACIFIC & ATLANTIC PHOTOS



LORD NORTHCLEFFE
Everything counts.

started on a Northcliffe paper in Wales, respects his subject—as any newspaperman should. Northcliffe had “the arrogance of the natural journalist, that what interested him would interest his readers.” That he made millions proving it was incidental. After the Wright Brothers’ first European flight, he raged at his editors for the four-line paragraph they had given it. “Didn’t they realize England was no longer an island?”

For Northcliffe, there were two sorts of news: events to be reported, and topics to be stimulated. To get the news, he hired the best men he could find, supported them lavishly, edited them rigidly. Just before World War I, when northern Ireland was threatening (not for the last time) to explode into civil war, Northcliffe went to the scene and ordered up a team of ten reporters, a ship to ferry copy to Scotland in case cable lines were cut, motorboats, caches of petrol, a fleet of cars. “Rolls-Royce for preference,” commanded North-

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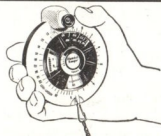
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MEXLETTER



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cliffe. "Fords," muttered Northcliffe's Scottish aide under his breath.

Northcliffe's topics were a throw-back to his first publication, the weekly *Answers*, which consisted of replies to questions—sometimes invented by the editor—on how tall Gladstone was (5 ft. 9 in.), or how many M.P.s had glass eyes (three). A touch of *Answers* lingered in all his newspapers. Northcliffe's curiosity was boundless, his attention span brief, his commitments transient. But, says Ferris, he knew "exactly what to do about telephones, cars, Boers and the disgraceful export of British horses to make sausages for the Belgians."

How long Northcliffe had been going mad, and why exactly, no one knows. "The effect of illness was to coarsen his personality by letting its wilder elements escape," Ferris notes. Messages to his editors grew wilder. He traveled incessantly: Australia, Japan, India, back to France. There Northcliffe discovered that an employee, summoned over from London, did not have a suitable silver-fitted crocodile-leather suitcase. He promptly was given £150 to go back to London to buy one.

Northcliffe's own papers stopped printing his contributions. He cabled threats to fire everybody. One editor was told to "stop walking down Fleet Street in a tall hat." The *Times*, which he bought to save it from bankruptcy in 1908, put guards on its doors—against the proprietor. After he came home again to London, Northcliffe's four phones to his papers were cut off. Yet a *Daily Mail* night editor received his last whispered message to the paper—Northcliffe had found a fifth phone and was calling from under his wife's boudoir table.

The fight for his papers followed. Lord Rothermere, his brother, a thick-necked caricature of Northcliffe, got the *Daily Mail* but not the *Times*. He took a fancy to Hitler and died of cirrhosis as the Luftwaffe's bombs fell on London. The family's impact has faded, but not Northcliffe's newspaper style—bright, brief, opinionated, superficial—which remains imprinted on Fleet Street. As Northcliffe decreed, once and for all: "Everything counts, nothing matters." ■ Curtis Prendergast

The Book of Irving

THE WORD

by IRVING WALLACE

576 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$7.95.

Christ did not die on the Cross. He survived Golgotha and the centurion's wound and lived on for 19 years of clandestine ministry. His death and Resurrection occurred in Rome in A.D. 49.

These statements and many other things, among them new and remarkable sayings from the lips of Jesus, appear in an ancient papyrus lately unearthed in the ruins of a Roman villa at Ostia Antica. The papyrus is a copy of the legendary "Q Document," the

source book for the four Gospels, as well as a new account of Jesus' life written by his brother James. Its existence is known only to the small group of scholars who have prepared the translation and to a few wealthy men who are financing publication of a Bible containing the new revelations.

Even in this limited circle, the effect of the document is awesome. Everyone who reads it is filled with inexplicable joy. Miracles begin to happen. While reading the text a lame girl loses her affliction, and a deaf man looks up from the pages amazed—suddenly he can hear again. Even the project's public relations man, a worldly type who thinks of God as "some big bag of ooze in the sky," is seized with faith. Now comes the twist: The p.r. man stumbles on evidence that the Gospel according to James may be a monstrous forgery. Deviled by doubt, haunted by hope, he enters an investigation that unfolds as an absorbing theological thriller. So absorbing in fact that readers may wonder if there isn't a misprint on the title page. There isn't. This entertaining puzzler was actually produced by Irving Wallace.

In the first 282 pages, Wallace writes down to his usual awful standard. His villain has "beady, ferret eyes." His heroine wears "two wisps of bra which did little to contain the overflow of her provocative breasts." Scenes of perverted theological discussion alternate plonkily with episodes like one in which the p.r. man performs some ungodly acts with an ex-nun. Then Wallace stops pandering and starts attending to the plot. From there on the book takes off.

O ye of little faith who cannot believe that Irving Wallace could tell a lively tale in reasonably readable prose, who can blame you? But that's how the papyrus crumbles. ■ Brad Darrach

BEST SELLERS

FICTION

- 1—The Winds of War, Wark (1 last week)
- 2—Wheels, Hailey (2)
- 3—The Assassins, Kazan (4)
- 4—The Exorcist, Blatty (5)
- 5—The Day of the Jackal, Forsyth (3)
- 6—The Blue Knight, Wambough (8)
- 7—The Betsy, Robbins (6)
- 8—Rabbi Redux, Updike (7)
- 9—The Friends of Eddie Coyle, Higgins
- 10—The Word, Wallace

NONFICTION

- 1—The Game of the Foxes, Farago (1)
- 2—Tracy and Hepburn, Kanin (3)
- 3—Eleanor and Franklin, Lash (2)
- 4—Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (6)
- 5—The Moon's a Balloon, Niven (4)
- 6—The Defense Never Rests, Bailey with Aranson (5)
- 7—Souls on Fire, Wesel
- 8—The Lost Whole Earth Catalog, Portola Institute (7)
- 9—The Double-Cross System in the War of 1939 to 1945, Masterman
- 10—The Show Business Nobody Knows, Wilson

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EDUCATION

Alternative Schools: Melting Pot to Mosaic

In the controversy over busing, integrationist blacks and angry whites agree on one thing: North and South, big-city public schools are terrible. Blacks want their children to escape from the schools' exasperating syndrome of failure and disorder; whites fear that their children will have to suffer from it. For the past several years, small numbers of both black and white parents have founded new private "alternatives"—the so-called street academies and the free schools (TIME, April 26, 1971). Now a few public schools are trying to create some alternatives of their own within the system, using wings of existing buildings, storefronts and lofts to house small sub-schools, each with a different educational emphasis. The intent is to break up the impersonal mob scene that many schools have become, and to give students choices—even if it sometimes means letting them choose racial separation.

Cities as diverse as Minneapolis, Philadelphia, New York and Stockton, Calif., have set up public alternative schools during the past two years. But the trend has gone farthest in Berkeley, Calif., which now has 18 such schools at all levels and plans to add six more next fall. TIME Correspondent Christopher Cory visited some of them recently. Here is one:

Berkeley needed new educational ideas as badly as any city. Though it is known for breathtaking hills and its University of California campus, the hills overlook a slough of industrial plants and dilapidated housing. Whites in the Berkeley schools are a 44% minority, with blacks making up 45% of the students and Asians and Chicanos accounting for most of the rest. In 1968, Berkeley became the first city with more than 100,000 people to integrate its schools voluntarily by busing both whites and blacks (38% of the pupils ride to school). But Berkeley's integration brought demands from minority groups for more attention to their particular learning problems and more emphasis on their cultures. At the same time, many of Berkeley's middle-class white kids were in open rebellion against what they considered stultifying school rules and courses.

For both groups, "the melting pot never melted," says Larry Wells, coordinator of the alternative schools. Instead of trying to submerge diversity, Berkeley is now trying to encourage it, replacing the image of a melting pot with that of a mosaic.

In five grade schools and junior highs, existing buildings are divided into traditional and more venturesome

learning groups from which parents can choose, and one freewheeling elementary school spin-off meets in a rented mansion. All the groups are integrated, although some schools more than others stress subjects especially relevant to blacks and Chicanos. At the high school level there are still more distinct educational choices.

Berkeley High is a six-block-square complex of buildings holding 3,000 students. For approximately 1,800 of them, the conventional curriculum of courses—and a rich fare of electives—is fine. But 1,200 students have chosen to enter the more cohesive atmosphere of one or another of the six alternative high schools that are housed within the big complex.

Community High, for example, is earnestly disorganized. There long-haired boys and girls help screen prospective teachers, call staff members by their first names, and get phys. ed. credit for karate. Both blacks and whites take courses in "Soul in Cinema" and transcendental meditation. The School of Performing Arts is heavy on theater, music and dance; more traditional aims are the focus in an alternative school called On Target, which leans to science courses and technical careers, and Model School A, which offers an interdisciplinary liberal arts curriculum. All the alternative schools offer some version of basic English, math, science and social studies; the students are also free to sign up for any course they want in the main high school.

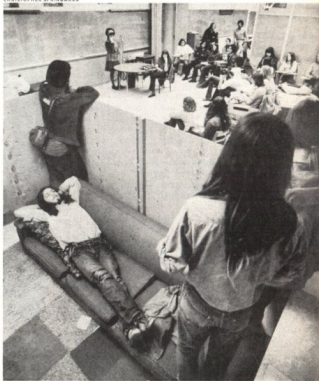
Most of the alternative high schools are kept integrated by aggressive recruiting and informal quotas (Community High, for example, has 65 Third World students and 120 whites, with a white waiting list of 75). The Agora School aims specifically at fostering an appreciation of racial differences and keeps its staff and student body exactly one-quarter each white, black, Chicano and Asian. But three other alternative schools that meet away from Berkeley High are less concerned about integration.

Blacks Only. The Marcus Garvey Institute, housed in a former factory, is devoted to "taking care of business," chiefly for black students, including some who are on the verge of dropping out. Graded, seminar-type classes offer "Black Economic Development," em-

phasize basic math and reading. Whites are welcome, the staff insists, but since blacks assumed control this fall, whites have dropped to 12 in the enrollment of 60. Going even farther, Black House accepts only blacks, and Casa de la Raza takes only Chicanos.

Such schools smack of resegregation to Berkeleyites who have fought for integration, and in the next few months the Health, Education and Welfare Department's Office for Civil Rights is expected to tell Berkeley formally what officials have been suggesting for months: namely, that the separatist schools may be violating federal policy. In answer, Coordinator Larry Wells, who is black, argues that voluntary separation is far different from forced segregation, and that it may well

CHRISTOPHER SPENGLER



BERKELEY HIGH SCHOOL CLASS

Not for everyone.

be transitional. "Our concern is to help kids compete in an integrated society," he says, "but we want them to compete on a basis of parity. One segment of black and Chicano students needs additional support and strength to really feel equal." Berkeley officials are optimistic that they can satisfy federal guidelines in the months of negotiations that will follow official notification by making minor changes, like opening the separatist schools to any whites who are willing to immerse themselves in the heavily racial atmosphere.

More than just race is at stake, for the issue touches upon the central problem in all the proposals for decentralizing the nation's large institutions.

from auto plants to city governments. Self-determination easily becomes narrow parochialism. In Berkeley, principals of the conventional schools that accredited the small units worry that the alternative schools may become too haphazard to remain worthy of their diplomas. The small schools' volatile independence, on the other hand, is often precisely what makes them useful as escape valves.

When a group of students or faculty members in a conventional Berkeley school become dissatisfied with the way things are going, their complaints have sometimes led to walkouts and protest marches. In the small units, similar complaints get quick action, partly because changes need not be watered down in long political wrangles. When a teacher in a standard high school catches a student cutting class, the misdeed must be processed by several layers of bureaucracy. In a small alternative school, a teacher who spots a truant can often deal with him on the spot. Bob Wilson, a kinetic black photographer who directs the Marcus Garvey Institute, is convinced that only a small unit permits him to be both as tough and demonstrative as the kids he is trying to reach. He notes, "In a regular school, if I grab a kid by the lapels and start duking him, all hell breaks loose. If I go up and hug a chick, I'm going to be considered some kind of sex pervert. Here I do both."

Asleep and Awake. Often it agrees. Administrators and students agree that the small units have so far suffered very little from drug abuse, vandalism or racial clashes. No conclusive academic test results are in yet, but many students are newly enthusiastic about their courses. Danny Wilcox, a black junior, recalls: "In Berkeley High, if I went to a history class, the only thing I liked about it was that I could go to sleep." His chronic truancy ended in an arrest for assaulting a police officer. Now he is enrolled in the Agora. "I'm studying black oral tradition now," says Danny. "And hey, I didn't even know that existed, but that's how black people kept their history." He comes to class regularly and has a B-plus average.

Public minischools are not likely to work in every system, for they are hard to manage well and may turn out to be more expensive than large units. Berkeley's original subschools began with modest grants from the Ford and Carnegie foundations; the system now has a 2½-year, \$3.5 million grant from a new federal experimental schools program that provides \$200 extra for each child in a subschool—on top of an average per-pupil expenditure of \$1,675, one of the highest in the nation. Still, placing everyone in regular schools has hardly been a resounding success. For school systems that must adapt to the diverse interests and tempos of different racial and cultural groups, the concept of voluntary alternative schools may well be one of the most creative ideas yet.

Bringing It Together

When Folk Singer Woody Guthrie died in 1967 at the age of 55, he was already a legend. It was only natural that when his friends, loved ones and musical kinfolk gathered in New York's Carnegie Hall the next year to pay him tribute in song, their mood was not entirely somber. It was also touched by a joyful awareness of the continuing life in Guthrie's music.

At least that is the impression one gets from listening to two new LPs drawn from tapes of the Carnegie concert and another Guthrie Memorial held at the Hollywood Bowl in 1970. Especially intriguing is the variety of musical treatment to which Woody's songs

Hear, Hear

Those wonderful folks who gave you stereo are at it again. Now they want to put four speakers and new amplifying equipment in your living room and introduce a new term into the vocabulary of the sound buff—quadraphonics, or four-channel sound.

Quadraphonics have been available on tape since 1969. But for home hi-fi sets, the mass consumer market has continued to prefer stereo disks to tape by sales ratios of more than 5 to 1. Mindful of that fact, Columbia last November came out with the first four-channel record, calling it SQ (for Stereo Quadraphonic). The new SQs cost a dollar more than regular stereo LP records. SQ is also designed to be played on conventional stereo rigs, but when that is done, SQ shows a slight but perceptible loss in sharpness of sound. Columbia has not announced any plans to replace the company's regular stereo line with SQ. Even when heard under optimum conditions—at Columbia's laboratories in Stamford, Conn.—SQ is not so much a true four-channel sound as an electronic compromise. For some listeners, at least, the result is an uneasy feeling of aural vagueness.

In the Groove. By contrast, Columbia's record rival RCA made an early decision to hold out for a disk that was completely "discrete"—the industry's word for precise separation of all four channels. Like Columbia, RCA aimed for a compatible new disk that would be playable on existing stereo equipment without loss of fidelity. Last week RCA was busy spreading the word to the industry and press alike that it had perfected just such a disk. The company will begin issuing the new LPs in May, at the same price (\$5.98) as stereo, and soon hopes to release all new records in the compatible four-channel format.

How does RCA get four electronic signals from two walls in a groove only 2½ thousandths of an inch wide? Essentially by electronically scrambling the sounds picked up from four separate microphones, imprinting them on the groove walls, then separating them precisely into four signals that are fed into four speakers. Heard at RCA's Manhattan studios, the new disk plays only 20 minutes (the company hopes to have it up to the standard 30 before long), but its output is vibrant, clear, well-defined, surprisingly flexible.

More than a dozen hardware companies (notably Sherwood, Kenwood and Sony) have already signed on to manufacture equipment for the Columbia SQ system. Panasonic has chosen RCA. Everyone else is taking a long, hard look. Or listen. As for the poor, beleaguered consumer, he may think twice before inviting two more after-dinner speakers into his home.



FOLK SINGER WOODY GUTHRIE (1942)
Mining hard rock.

lend themselves. On the one hand there is Richie Havens turning the gruff, striding *Vigilante Man* into a mournful, gripping blues ballad. Or Odette, virtually inventing a western soul style for the happy-go-lucky *Ramblin' Round*. When Guthrie talked about hard rock he meant a substance men mined in a hole in the ground—something you'd never guess listening to Bob Dylan and the five members of what would soon become The Band tear into rocking versions of such Guthrie classics as *I Ain't Got No Home, Dear Mrs. Roosevelt* and *The Grand Coulee Dam*.

Two everyday rivals in the record marketplace have combined to issue these two disks: Volume I is on Columbia, Volume II on Warner Brothers (\$5.98 each). That commercial cooperation is perhaps the ultimate testimony to Woody's ability to bring words, music and people together.



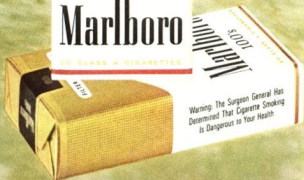
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